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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Last Saturday the National Railway Strike was in full swing throughout the day; but by eleven o'clock at night Board of Trade terms were arrived at on which work should be resumed. What has been described as a "misunderstanding" is alleged to have led to the declaration of war of the previous Thursday evening. It is possible that in the excitement and weariness of the long preceding discussions Mr. Asquith's proposal of a Royal Commission to inquire into the men's complaints about the Conciliation Boards may have been misunderstood. During Friday negotiations were taken up again and Mr. Lloyd George appeared prominently, and the railway companies' representatives and the men's were for the first time brought into direct conference. One of the terms of the agreement arrived at was that there should be a Special Commission of Inquiry; and on this understanding the strike was to be ended.

Since then the personnel of the Commission has been announced, and the Commissioners, two on behalf of the companies, and two on behalf of the men, with Sir David Harrel as chairman, began their sittings on Wednesday; the press to be admitted to hear the evidence. In most cases the settlement was accepted by the railway men, but in Manchester, and in some towns on the Midland system, and on the North-Eastern Railway, the terms were resented, and refused as a "betrayal"; and the train service continued disorganised. Negotiations went on during the week, and settlement was effected. A Home Office statement issued late on Saturday night announced that all troops had been ordered to be sent back to their districts; and that the enrolment of special constables had been suspended.

Liverpool has been the most obstinate to resist all the attempts of Mr. Asquith to conciliate. The railway strike and the docks strike, both nominally over, took on another acute phase. Some two hundred

and fifty men of the tramway company had left work as a mark of general sympathy with the dock and the railway men. The Dock Strike Committee made it a point of honour that these tramway men should be reinstated; and they ordered their men not to resume work until the Corporation took back the tramway men, and the Corporation refused. A deputation of the Liverpool Dock Strike actually visited London to urge the railway men's executive and the Transport Workers' Federation to resume the general strike. The railway executive declined; but the Federation had half a mind to act. The withdrawal of troops was countermanded at the Lord Mayor's request. At a meeting of the Corporation Tramways Committee on Thursday it was decided to reinstate the tramway men. There was some rioting during the day, but practically Liverpool too seems now ready to settle down.

Early on the Saturday before the strike was settled the most serious of all its disorders happened at Llanelli. Rioters stopped a train, and men of the Worcestershire Regiment went to disperse them. The mob attacked the soldiers from the railway banks, and the Riot Act proclamation was read. Blank cartridge was fired, but at last the soldiers had to fire in earnest, and two men were killed. Later an attack was made on the station, and luggage vans were looted in which was liquor. A scene followed recalling the riots in "Barnaby Rudge". The drunken mob marched to the town and destroyed property. Returning to the station, they sacked warehouses, and obtained more liquor. A goods shed and trucks on a siding were fired. The trucks were loaded with explosives; and five of the crowd were killed, and a dozen injured. Rioting continued until next morning, when the news of the strike settlement came. There was rioting also during Saturday and Sunday in several towns in Monmouthshire, the peculiar feature of which was attacks on the Jewish inhabitants and tradespeople.

The strike was grave thing enough, but the London crowd could find some fun in it. There are few things, indeed, out of which that good-tempered monster cannot get amusement. The soldiers were a great attraction. Any sour-faced spouter who expected to find the people glowering suspiciously at these "tools of the railway companies", "agents of a tyrannical Government", must

have been much upset—in London anyway—for the improvised camps in the big stations were the centre of most friendly interest, especially among the women. At London Bridge on Saturday a number of London work-girls waiting for the Hastings train swarmed round the soldiers when their dinner-cart arrived. Curiosity to see what they had was invincible. "What yer got there?" all asked at once, with witty sallies that did not wait for an answer. Nothing but the coming of the Hastings train would have torn them away.

If the police are as eager for active service as soldiers, the last twelve months will be happily remembered. During these months the strain on our police has been unprecedented. The Crippen murder and the search for Peter the Painter, which ended in Sidney Street, kept the police busy for weeks together. Then there was the siege of Sidney Street itself and shortly after that there were the riots at Tonypany. A general election, which always means hard work for the police, falls within the twelve months; and there was the Coronation. Finally, we come to Liverpool and the railway strike. The truncheon, at any rate, in these days of peace is not left rotting in the sheath. Happily our police never seem so cheerful as when there is something unusually difficult to do.

Tuesday's debate in the House of Commons will be remembered for Mr. George's language failing him. This was when he faced Mr. Hardie, who accused the Government of having sided with the capitalists. Mr. George has this week been thoroughly lashed with his own scorpions. Mr. Hardie's gross misrepresentations to the men at Cardiff are of the same character as Mr. George's wild talk about landlords; and the shuffling of the delinquent when brought to book was of the same school of political manners. We hope that Mr. George will fulfil his hinted threat to go down to the hon. member's constituents and "tell them what he thinks of it all". An affair between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Hardie's constituents would be amusing.

Mr. Churchill's defence of the Government was mainly remarkable for a passage in which the old-fashioned view of the State as an impartial arbiter who holds the ring was definitely abandoned. "No Government, he urged, "could possibly sit still with folded hands" and remain absolutely impartial. The Government had necessarily to be partisan; they were "active partisans of the food supply". The railway companies and their men were not the sole parties. There was the public—in other words the State. Less commendable were Mr. Churchill's anxious efforts to show that it was poor men, and not rich men, who would have suffered most from the Government's inaction. It might be slyly inferred from this portion of the defence that the Government would willingly have allowed rich men to suffer and starve unprotected.

The Government, however, stood firm for the soldiers, despite the violence of Mr. Hardie and his friends. Mr. Churchill even pronounced a kind of mea culpa for his performance at Tonypany: "I ran considerable risk and put the country to considerable expense", he confessed. All the wrathful nonsense was again heard of "soldiers to shoot down the people". The effect of the soldiers on Mr. Ramsay Macdonald reminds one forcibly of Cromwell and the Grand Remonstrance. Mr. Macdonald was not, it is true, tempted to take ship for America; but, coming upon 1000 mounted men in Southampton Row at three o'clock on Friday morning of last week, he "never felt more inclined in all his life to go home and stay in bed".

In time Mr. George himself, doing what Cromwell nearly did, may go to America. On Wednesday he entertained at 11 Downing Street a party of Welsh Americans—doctors of medicine, coal-operators, copper-kings, and journalists. Mr. George showed them over the scenes of his political triumph, "while cigarettes, thoughtfully

supplied by Mrs. Asquith, were smoked". Mr. George seems to have received a pressing invitation, or is it a "call", to go over and talk to the Welsh Americans. He is promised audiences of 10,000—Welsh Americans to a man. "We consider him the greatest man Wales has produced"; they say. This seems to us about the cruellest thing that could be said of Wales, when we look down the roll of great men that have come from England, Scotland, and Ireland.

As for Parliamentary reputations, so far as the Session has gone, the Parliament Bill has left no Ministerialist much chance but Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill. Mr. Asquith, we suppose, is a bigger figure in the country than he has ever been; he has batted on the decaying matter of the Constitution, and now bulks largely. He is a great Parliamentary orator, but not by his speaking has he grown this session. Mr. Churchill is hardly the enfant terrible any more; he is very serious now. He has shown that at present he cannot manage the House at all; still, he grows and grows. Mr. Lloyd George has certainly not got much glory from his Insurance Bill. After the recess he may know more about it. What successes he has had have been in wire-pulling "interests" outside. Mr. Herbert Samuel goes ahead—not attractive, hard, but forceful and brainy. The Labour party has lost all its lustre—members do not kowtow to it now. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has shone because no one else in the party has any ability to rival him. There is Mr. Snowden, though; and Mr. Keir Hardie has the fanaticism that resembles or apes genius.

Mr. Balfour has made some great debating speeches, but we should not say he has been conspicuous this session. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has certainly strengthened his position; and Mr. F. E. Smith his. Mr. Smith's speech on the second reading of the Parliament Bill really impressed the country—it made many see that he is not a brilliant merely. Mr. George Cave has added to a reputation won by worth unhelped by one showy touch. He is becoming quite an influence—these quiet men that count are a curious element in politics. To the general pleasure Lord Balfour has become Chief Unionist Whip and Mr. Bridgeman a Junior. Lord Hugh Cecil was not very happy in his effect till the latter part of the session. There was a rasping snap in his style which annoyed. But his really great speech the other day, when the Lords' amendments were before the House, has restored all his old prestige. He is a striking personality; and Oxford will not easily find his like to represent it.

In the Lords Lord Morley has been disappointing—nothing has he said on the Parliament Bill worth remembering for form or thought. Lord Crewe has distinctly been missed. Lord Rosebery remains where he was—he does not go back and he is incapable of going forward. Lord Lansdowne has of course been very prominent, but he has done nothing in debates to touch his speech on the Budget. Lord Curzon has been conspicuous; some of his speeches have been very brilliant, only to lead to a lame and impotent conclusion. But Lord Willoughby de Broke is the man who has made a reputation. He has become quite a star. And Lord Halsbury's light, so far from dimming with age, has never searched so far or drawn so strongly. He speaks as a young man, if a young man could have so much sense.

None could be more desirous than we that Lord Robert Cecil should return to the House of Commons. His absence during the constitutional debates has been a scandal to the Unionist party. Never has a constituency made itself more ridiculous than East Marylebone, which preferred effacement to much distinction in the House. We should indeed like Lord Robert to sit for South Kensington, which can safely be called a safe seat. But we do not admire his coming forward as the nominee of an obscure little society with the portentous name "Centre Party Union and Middle Classes Defence Organisation". Mr. C. Disraeli had some right to wave aside this body, but none to make offensive and untrue allusions to Lord Robert.

The present Archbishop of Canterbury has been a casuist all his days, but seldom has he drawn his casuistry so fine as in his letter, published on Thursday, excusing or explaining his vote on the Parliament Bill. Now we have the Bishops' official case. They did not vote for the Bill; they voted against the creation of new peers. Dr. Davidson may think this a brilliant parry: but it will parry nothing except in his own mind. Can he expect any man to believe such a version of plain facts? His intention is not the point: his own conception of his vote is not the point. The fact stands that he voted with the Government in favour of a Bill which makes the disestablishment of the Church in Wales certain, and the destruction of Church schools more than probable. It is this kind of shuffling that ruins the Church's influence with the common people.

Will the Archbishop answer this question? If, as he claims, his vote hindered disestablishment, why were the Government, disestablishers to a man, delighted that the division went the way the Archbishop voted? How was it that the Bishop of Hereford, an avowed disestablisher, voted on the same side as the Archbishop? We suppose we must assume that everybody miscalculated except the Archbishop.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain gives good advice this week to members of Unionist Associations who think of resigning office as a protest against the Lansdowne policy. The remedy is not resignation but increased activity. It must be the policy of the forward Unionists to permeate the party with their spirit, and not to stand aloof. This policy is quite distinct from any intention of going back upon the lead of Lord Halsbury, or of being merged once again with the less determined spirits. The Halsbury section is the forward wing of the party, not a party to itself; but it is none the less distinct, and informed with a spirit and purpose of its own. Mr. Chamberlain's letter continues the stalwart attitude.

The interminable negotiations over Morocco are for the moment suspended, and the two brothers Cambon are in consultation with the French Cabinet. The "conversation" between the French Ambassador and the German Foreign Secretary is to be renewed next week. French opinion is showing itself more sensible than sometimes. No one really believes that Germany wants to go to war for a purpose ill-defined, seeing that she might well find herself without allies and her trade exposed to English attacks. She will naturally try to get all she can, and France will be wise to insist on a perfectly clear declaration as to her predominance in Morocco. The real difficulty is of course the touchiness of German opinion and the approach of the elections.

At length we have the text of the Russo-German agreement regarding Persia. It differs little from the forecasts, and we are bidden to be very careful of "unwarranted inferences"! We always were, and never believed that it would imply more than it actually stated. We regretted, and still regret, that we had been left out in the cold during the negotiations, but we had frankly recognised that the North of Persia was Russia's concern alone, therefore of course she had a perfect right to bargain with a third party regarding it, so far as any arrangement did not impinge upon our rights, which it cannot be truthfully said that this agreement does. The disappointment therefore is not on our side.

In Germany, however, there is clearly some resentment. It is a blunder on the part of their Foreign Office, too often repeated, to raise public expectation by flamboyant articles in "inspired" newspapers. Then comes an inevitable disappointment which need never have arisen. After the speech of Herr v. Bethmann Hollweg last December, it was assumed that specific reference would be made to the general good relations of the two contracting Powers. The actual agreement contains nothing of the kind. The eventual linking-up of the Persian and Baghdad railway systems

is assured, and if Russia does not accomplish it, Germany will.

The great virtue of German policy is its tenacity. Germany never loses sight of her Baghdad railway, and she has now removed another obstacle to its construction. Russia has withdrawn her opposition to the participation of foreign capital in the enterprise and has even undertaken to link the line up within a definite time with her own North Persian system. In return the Germans have promised not to seek concessions within the Russian sphere and have stated that their aims in Persia generally are purely commercial. This last point is satisfactory enough, but the main thing to note is that the Germans have scored again. Britain is the only power still to be dealt with, and we learn with regret but not surprise, that Sir Edward Grey is ignoring the Germans altogether and negotiating directly with Turkey as if she were in truth the principal power concerned. Nothing could be more nicely calculated to exasperate German opinion than this deliberate snub, whereby the British Foreign Office either shelves Germany out or only acknowledges her existence as an afterthought. This is pedantry gone mad.

All the talk at Teheran appears to be of "the English scuttle". This is the local phrase for the anxiety of our Government to satisfy Russian exigencies. If we succeed in forcing Captain Stokes to abandon his post we shall certainly not increase our prestige in Persian eyes. It is not at all surprising that Russia should feel some suspicion in the matter, but on the other hand Captain Stokes is unquestionably the best man for the job. So either we offend Russia or Persia. This is a very minor result of the unfortunate agreement with Russia regarding the Middle East which we never liked.

Portugal or that which calls itself the Portuguese Republic—a very different thing—has chosen a President—Dr. Arriago. Does anybody care? The ring of intriguers that for the moment runs Portugal ought never to be recognised. But the strength of the Republic lies in the unimportance of the country. Who will trouble either way? Not apparently King Manoel, who, according to the papers, is preoccupied with Jack Johnson.

The three new military appointments announced last Tuesday are certainly good; though one might say that two of these officers are worthy of better things. Sir Horace Smith Dorrien, who goes to Salisbury, and Sir Herbert Plumer, who goes to York, are both officers who have proved their worth on active service, and have the rare capacity to lead men. The new Inspector-General, Sir Charles Douglas, has neither of these qualifications. Yet he is hoisted to the top of the tree. On the other hand, Salisbury is not so important a command as Aldershot, which Sir H. Smith Dorrien vacates; whilst the command at York cannot be called a very important one, since it contains few regular troops. Sir Reginald Hart, who goes to South Africa, has a fine record, and deserves recognition.

Why has the National Service League never filled the place it was meant to fill? The letter of Colonel Keene published on Friday in the "Times" goes far to explain this. He is indignant at the idea of the N.S.L. not loving the Territorial Army, and says it is the ambition of the League to compel us all to be Territorials. Now this Territorial show is the last tottering prop of the voluntary system. When that goes compulsory service must come. If the National Service League would bolster up this sham, those who really want a compulsory system will have nothing to do with it. Its ideal is nothing better than a "Territorial" A' my, we may as well go on as we are!

Judge Willis was a Judge of County Courts who would most likely have been at least a High Court Judge if his mannerisms and oddities had been somewhat different from what they actually were. He was learned enough in the law, indeed he was reputed to be the most learned Common lawyer of his time at the Bar. Besides he had one of the largest practices



in the Courts; and was a great verdict-getter. But the Bar is fastidious about style and dignity; and Willis was more remarkable for uncultured phraseology, and grotesque grimaces and general want of refinement, than for the cultured bearing which the higher places of the law demand. Some of his less able contemporaries reached the High Court; but his great merits were not sufficient to counterbalance his external disabilities.

He was a self-made man; and it is not improbable that some have giped that he had made himself badly. But he was temperamentally eccentric; though his circumstances developed his singularities. Without the enthusiasm and narrow intense convictions of a devout sectarian, however, he would not have risen to the eminence and success he achieved. But to this was also due much of what handicapped him. He was not unlearned in literature. He was supposed to know Milton and Bunyan by heart; but he probably loved and declaimed both rather with the love of a Baptist than of one who discriminated in literature. He was immensely voluble; but had no wit or humour, though he made people laugh. His complacency of the self-made man led him into talking much nonsense about himself, and in the way of advice to others. His fanatical bitterness against the Church of England was pitiful.

Dr. Guinness Rogers' death takes away probably the last of the leading Nonconformist ministers through whom Gladstone rallied round his policy the support of the Dissenters. He was in full vigour in the palmy days of the Liberation Society, was, of course, a supporter of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and one of the most energetic backers of Gladstone's Bulgarian atrocities campaign. Neither the Education measure of 1870, when Rogers and Dale, and Nonconformist opinion generally, were for purely secular education, and disliked the State-dictated theology of the Board School, nor the Home Rule Bill of 1886, could shake the almost superstitious devotion of Rogers and his following; though Rogers felt towards the Irish party very much as that other idol of his, John Bright, did. Between his two idols he plumped for Gladstone when Bright opposed the Liberal policy in Egypt. The long association of Gladstone and Rogers culminated in 1892, when Gladstone opened the elections of that year with a speech at Rogers' house.

The loss to the Parisians of "La Joconde" is far greater than even the inestimable market value of so famous a picture would imply. They loved it for the same reasons that Ruskin disliked it—namely, for the infinitely subtle shades of sensuality, all the more provocative for being semi-mystic and vaguely melancholy, which were in that cryptic smile of the Lady Lisa. To them it was a personification of Paris. They felt to the full the suggestiveness of their own translation of its name, which seemed to many of them as if it might represent (though the better-informed knew that it did not) the quintessence of the national jocundity of the esprit gaulois in its particular manifestation of half-pagan Parisianism; and to lose it now is as if the image of their tutelary goddess had been stolen from its shrine. A doom seemed to be hanging over the canvas for some few years past. First a lunatic tried to put his umbrella through it, after which it was covered with a glass which made the portrait almost invisible. Then an obscure controversy arose whether it was the original picture or a replica. And now it has gone!

Had the Water Board an idea of washing the Government out of Downing Street on Tuesday morning? Was not the bursting of the main in Parliament Street a portent?

"When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say

'These are their reasons; they are natural';

For I believe they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon".

And if one should ask: Who ever knew the water menace so?—the answer would come pat enough:

"Those that have known the earth so full of faults".

#### THE HISTORY OF THE STRIKE.

THE end of the railway strike affords a good opportunity for asking and answering a few pertinent questions concerning masters and men. With the exception of a few unimportant outbreaks labour trouble has been confined to what is commonly spoken of as the 'transport trade'. In this trade the dockers of London, Hull and Liverpool were the first to move. They were quickly followed by the carters, and finally, in sympathy, the whole railway system blazed into open defiance. Dock work, like all casual labour, is poorly paid on the average, and with clever organisers burrowing in a favourable medium it was easy to bring grievances to a head. Organised and militant trades unionism has learned its lesson well in the last few years, and when it finally extorted from the Government, as the price of Labour support in Parliament, the legalisation of picketing its opportunity was complete.

In recent years the progress of trades unionism has evolved two distinct and antagonistic groups—the old-fashioned, staid and steady, for the benefit of its trade, and the militant, which looks upon the advancement of any particular trade as a mere counter in one great general scheme for the regeneration of mankind by a vague and visionary socialism. The old-fashioned group stuck quietly to its job and was always amenable to reason and willing to put differences to impartial arbitration, while the militant section, on the contrary, schemed always to link up all the unions into one great chain which one day, suddenly drawn taut, would put an end to the hated capitalist. These "forwards", not necessarily highly placed in their own unions, were, however, in close touch with one another, and worked always in careful combination. The raw of every little grievance was unceasingly scratched, and every passing trouble cleverly fomented. The inevitable result in the labour world was subdued yet intense irritation coupled with obvious impatience of slow methods of redress. It was useless declaring a general strike, so to speak, off the reel; some excuse was wanted, some open sore which would quickly inflame the whole body of workers. This was found in the poor pay and tactless handling of the dockers, who, once out, quickly persuaded the carters to join them, and then with little delay the whole railway system, screamed at from every disaffected centre that the one moment of a generation had come, quickly followed in sympathy. A few days would suffice, the forward leaders preached in glowing language, the whole railway system would be paralysed and trade held up to such an extent that nationalisation could be the only remedy, and then transport workers might speedily become a highly privileged class of State servants. Their strongest weapon, legal picketing, had already been wrested from the hands of a frightened Cabinet, and that they meant to use with all the force at their command. With organised cunning they exploited the delays of the conciliation scheme as evidence of intrinsic bad faith on the part of the companies and persuaded the men that nothing would ever be achieved except by force. The storm centres of the North responded at once and picketing became open and unabashed intimidation, backed up by the excesses of hooliganism which, unctuously disavowed in theory, was used to the full in practice. The slower South, disliking agitation and largely non-unionist, as a rule refused to move and only to a small extent shared in the strike. The strangest and most significant factor in the situation was the absence of any definite programme on hours and wages. Parrot-like the cry went up at regular intervals, "Down with the Conciliation Boards." The reason is clear. The conciliation scheme placed in the hands of the men, union or non-union indifferently, full power to elect grade representatives through whom all grievances were to be discussed. Most of those elected were by no means militant and many not even unionists. In truth the success of the Conciliation Boards meant the slow extinction of the union officials, at any rate as fighting units. Old age Parliament had provided for, and existing friendly



society schemes made full provision against sickness, and in addition a State Insurance Bill was on the way. With the Conciliation Boards redressing grievances, what was left to the Unions? As a natural result the men quickly began to doubt the need of contributing to the upkeep of officials whose reason for existence was fast disappearing. So the strike, as most strikes are, was really a gambler's last throw. The gamblers have lost, how completely may be judged from the bitter rage and disappointment shown by the extremists of the North. Yet the strike has been useful, and in a sense the quieter section of the men can count a victory, for public notice has been strongly focussed on their conditions of life.

In the long run there are only two funds from which the bulk of the people can draw sustenance for themselves and their families—wages and charity, public or private. It needs no argument to demonstrate that where wages are insufficient the other fund must be drawn upon. In any case, the community pays. We firmly believe it is far better for the economic future of the country that a living wage be paid, and reliance no longer placed on the deadening support of rates or charity. If we expect peace in the industrial world, any hope of health in the State, a levelling up of the poorer paid wage-earner is imperative. This the Government evidently recognise, for by agreeing to a revision of railway rates, they will place the railway companies in a position to deal with all reasonable claims. The resultant cost will in the first instance fall on the trader, and by him be passed on to the consumer, but not entirely to the detriment of the latter, who as a producer in his turn will eventually benefit by better trade flowing from the greater expenditure which always follows every rise in wages.

To warn anyone is a thankless task, but a warning to the railway companies is necessary. There is a strong sense abroad of undue delays in settling questions referred to the Conciliation Boards, an uneasy feeling that the keener intellect of the railway officials has too often been used to fog an issue rather than to clear it, a general belief that the whole management of the scheme has been perfunctory and half-hearted. The Commission will perhaps put things right, but the future can only be clear if both sides accept its findings wholeheartedly and without reservation. Recognition of the Unions, as practical politics, is a smaller item than it really looks to-day. If the Conciliation Boards are honestly run and reasonably efficient the question will soon settle itself, as the bulk of railwaymen care very little for unionism as a principle, and where they have given support it has been only as means to an end. Perhaps, too, there is something in the men's complaint that they have little chance of promotion to higher grades. Much of their work, it is true, is unskilled, but a few judicious promotions regularly made would put a lot of heart into the rank and file and do no harm to the companies.

But people are nervously asking, Where is this Labour trouble to end. The miners, it is said, are growing restive, and the engineering trades also. The strike certainly has upset labour, and the weather too is possibly an irritant. Agitation has done the greatest harm, yet so violent have been the speeches and so extravagant the promises, that the cold return to everyday life has made many a man ask whether the game is worth the candle. The extremists have lost, and it will be years before they recover their influence. What that influence may be in the future depends largely on the attitude of the country towards arbitration and conciliation. Little progress will be made until the work is got out of the grip of self-advertising politicians. At present both masters and men entirely distrust these gentlemen, and not without reason. Whatever the new authority may be, we hope its chief will be given a quasi-judicial status and a high position, under no sort of political tutelage or control and with power to attach some finality to his awards. Public opinion would be strongly on the side of any award by such an authority, and once convinced of its impartiality and freedom from

political intrigue, masters and men would willingly take to it their differences for settlement, and we believe honestly abide by its decision.

#### SOLDIERS AND STRIKERS.

THE railway strike taught us something of the value of a trained army. The War Office really did its work very well. The distribution of troops was admirably planned, and a complicated and comprehensive scheme was carried out with so much smoothness and despatch that the public scarcely realises its complexity. Moreover, the troops, besides being sent to the right place, did the right thing. Their discipline was subjected to a great strain. The men had to stand still while stones and bottles were flung at them by hooligans, though they held in readiness weapons whose use would instantly have rescued them from their more than unpleasant position. The Llanelly riots are most instructive on this point. The rioters clearly supposed that the troops had been drilled to such a pitch of self-control that not even the most outrageous provocation would induce them to fire. It is this wonderful discipline, only possible, of course, with highly trained men, which was the secret of the popularity of the troops with the general public. Of that popularity there can be no real doubt. Directly the soldiers appeared the average man and woman felt safe. There was not a trace of apprehension that an appeal to force might produce excesses, and that the men who were called upon to maintain order might forget any of the decencies of conventional civilised life. This aspect of recent events will not be forgotten. When some pacifist again tells us that a highly trained army is out of keeping with the spirit of the modern world and that it should be replaced by a citizens' militia, we can point to the facts and prove him wrong. What were the troops called upon to do? According to the old theory, a British Government calls out soldiers only to suppress rioting. It is true enough that there was some rioting last week, and that the troops did suppress it. That, however, was more or less incidental. The troops were really used not to suppress rioting, but to prevent it. Mr. Churchill's statement last Tuesday cleared up all possible doubt on this point. The Government were partisans of an unrestricted food supply. They held it their business not to restore the food supply when it was cut off, but to guard it against anticipated danger of interruption.

This is important, and the more so that Mr. Churchill's position has been accepted with general approbation. Yet it involves a complete reversal of the orthodox nineteenth century conception of the State as an organisation for the protection of life and property. According to the old theory, the State was normally passive and required some stimulus from without to stir it into activity. According to the new practice, the State is awake and watchful. It is its business to take drastic steps to make impossible those very circumstances with which, under the old theory, it existed to cope. The question of public convenience, once considered last, is now considered first. It is easy to say that such a development was inevitable, because as the mechanism of civilisation became more and more complex the least disturbance was bound to have disastrous results. None the less, the inevitable development comes as a shock, and the calling out of the soldiers last week has certainly shocked the Labour party, enslaved as it still is by the antiquated formulæ of Spencerian political thought.

Mr. Macdonald describes as diabolical action which quite nine-tenths of the people of the country regard as a sound application of enlightened principles. How can we account for this amazing epithet? Obviously in one way only. Mr. Macdonald is still struggling with mid-Victorian theory. His view is that if the State interferes it is bound to take the side either of the masters or of the men, a view leading to the conclusion that the State ought

not to interfere at all. In this case it did interfere, and from Mr. Macdonald's point of view it interfered in favour of the masters. What could be clearer? The men wanted to stop the trains, the masters wanted to keep them running and the State did keep them running—an obvious argument. How about the public, whose interests may be greater than those of masters and men together. As it happened in this case, the interest of one party to the dispute for the moment coincided with the interest of the public. The Government intervening on behalf of the public did of necessity what one party desired, but not with any idea of helping that party—the railway officials. But Mr. Macdonald cannot see this, and his blindness is involving him in alliance with revolutionaries.

When a mere revolutionary goes, not to the "disinherited", as they are called, but to Trade Unionists, who are the aristocracy of the working classes, and invites them to make war on Society, he is not very likely to obtain a hearing. These men are a part of Society. Why should they commit social suicide? But at this point Mr. Macdonald comes along to throw Trade Unionists into the agitators' arms. He tells them that the force at the State's command is being used against them and that the Government is acting in the interests of some great consolidation of financial powers. If his views are accepted—and a body of excited and angry strikers is not likely to examine very closely a theory not devoid of the plausibility which traditional political thought confers—dangerous consequences are bound to follow. The modern nation like the Greek city state will lose its unity. On the one side will be the standing army with its natural inclination to maintain the established order of which it is a part. On the other side will be organised labour forced to attempt the destruction of a political system which it believes to be hostile to its interests and opposed to the redress of its grievances.

Here, then, is a great political problem. There is as yet no breach in the national unity. But there are signs of a breach, and one of the worst of these signs is the lack of sympathy between Toryism and Trade Unionism. The Trade Unionists are coming to believe that the Tories are always on the masters' side; the Tories are coming to believe that the Trade Unionists are their necessary enemies; and the Radical Press misses no opportunity of fostering this misunderstanding. At present it is no more than a misunderstanding. But misunderstandings, if not cleared up, create prejudices, and prejudices count for more than reason in the excitement of a general election.

#### WITHIN THE PARTY.

WE have never been able to fathom the psychology of the man who goes and hangs himself because he has been offended or annoyed. Surely he must see he is doing precisely what his adversary desired. It is the least satisfactory form of protest we can imagine. It is not public virtue, for it is encouraging the adversary to do the like to others; it is making courage ridiculous, and wasting life only to make yourself a fool, which can easily be done in many less violent ways. It is not often done in England in the flesh, but something very much like it is common. The man who resigns in protest against colleagues or superiors is, so far as they are concerned, hanging himself. Obviously the one thing they want is to get him out of the way; and he kindly goes out of the way of his own motion, and so saves them the trouble and odium of removing him. He is playing their game to the uttermost. But apparently some, possibly a considerable number, of the keener Unionists have not realised the fatuity of fighting, and stimulating, those of whom you do not approve by resigning. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Chelsea correspondent says he has come across many Unionists, belonging to the Forward or Halsbury group, who speak of resigning membership of Unionist Associations in disgust at the flabbiness of the Lansdowne peers who stood aside and did nothing (we beg

pardon, some of them talked valiantly, especially on the day before) when the Lords divided on the Parliament Bill, and at the treachery of the Unionist peers who voted with the Government in favour of the Bill—"that good might come". One could understand a weak man or a dilettante who had no real care for these things throwing up the whole business of politics in disgust. If things are going to be done in this way, he might feel, I would rather be out of it. Or a mean man might think it clever to do Plato's philosopher and retire into shelter till the shower passed—we have always hoped that the shower drowned him, or at any rate flooded him out. But these Unionists presumably are not dilettanti or cowards: they would resign simply in protest. No wonder Mr. Austen Chamberlain is aghast at the idea. We are glad he wrote so strongly. Let these keen and justly angered Unionists consider for a moment the necessary effect of their plan of campaign. Every stalwart who resigns a seat on a Unionist organisation by so much lessens the influence of those who think with him in that organisation, and increases the influence of those members who do not agree with him. Does he want to do that? Suppose the stalwarts resigned en masse: the Unionist party would be absolutely in the hands of those who would perpetuate methods that have proved disastrous. We should be out in the cold: they would be masters of Unionist policy. The only parties to reap any advantage out of this situation would be the Radicals and the Government. It is possible our Chelsea friends have ideas of a new party. Oh, no; a party is not made in a day, we are not going to be fools enough to lose the enormous advantage of belonging to an old and very powerful party. Any Unionist who allows himself to be elbowed out of the Unionist party is a fool. Our work is to inform and permeate the party; not to leave it. If anybody must leave it, let it not be we. There are some—the thirty odd Unionist Peers who voted with the Government on the Parliament Bill—who must leave the party. Unionists who were with those who voted straightly against the Bill must stay in the party, partly to ensure the thirty famous "rat" peers leaving it.

If, for great public reasons, ructions in the Unionist party must be, they must; but we at any rate, who honestly hold that new methods, straighter ways, direct instead of flank attack, is necessary, are going to work in the party, not out of it. We want to save, not break, it. We must keep together as a group. We must keep our ideals, our objective and plan steadily before us. A little good leaven will leaven a bigish lump. If we know our own mind and do not waver, we shall get through: and the Unionist public, indeed the whole public, will incline to those, though a minority, who make straight for their mark, and whose mark they can see. Mr. Chamberlain in the letter to his Chelsea correspondent in no way advises or suggests that the Halsbury Unionists should melt away and lose themselves in the mass. Work with the rest, of course, and work through the rest; but we must keep together and remember the tie that binds us. When the object which associates the "forward" group has been attained, they may forget their identity, but not till then.

As Mr. Austen Chamberlain says, it is the future we have to fasten our eyes on, not the past; not so forgetting the past, forgetting what has happened, as to fall back idly into the old ruck; but remembering that only in the present and future can a man act. There is plenty to do. We have to get back what is possible of what we have lost or thrown away. The Government have used their power mainly in strengthening their position for political campaigning and in weakening ours. We must make it as difficult as we can for them to carry out their programme, even with the new weapons they have made for themselves, precisely what, of late, our party has not been doing. But we cannot do much on our own account until we have got rid of this Government. We have much that is unpleasant to go through. This should only harden the honest Unionist. But, above all, we must keep before our eyes what we have to do when we have the power to do it, when there is another



Unionist Government. Both for the purpose of making the attack on the Government real and for steeling the next Unionist ministry to do what our leaders have said it will do, and to use its advantage to carry out great ideas on which the Imperialist and Conservative forces in the country are set, a vigilant and determined group within the party is necessary. To a politician in office it is easier not to do than to do. Much continuous pressure will be necessary to make a Unionist Government undo the constitutional mischief wrought by Radicals—this job will be no joke—to redistribute and remove the scandalous anomalies of the present constituencies; to reform the Poor Laws; to overhaul elementary education and give it a fair chance of doing something for the country; to settle the religious question on Parents' League lines—this will mean throwing down as well as building up—to carry through a reform of our tariff system; and, most beneficial of all, to establish compulsory military service. All these are sharply contentious measures on which the best Conservatives are absolutely set. It will be much easier to leave them, or only touch them, and instead to pass little Bills which Radicals can tolerate. The easy way, which commends itself to many, is to do very little, just to keep things steady and be content not to add to taxation. But the easy-going method brings its Nemesis. It saps the power for action and leaves the party in a weak condition to oppose a resolute Government, when it comes, taking exactly the opposite line. This Radical Government is the most resolute, the most constructive (according to its own lights), the most violent, and the most uncompromising that the country has ever had. Hence its success. From a Radical point of view it has done great things. To attempt to meet such a Government by easy-going opportunism, in the spirit of a game rather than of a fight, is idle. The effective Unionist means, when his party is again in power, to have no half-measures; he means that changes shall be made that will permanently affect the country and leave the Imperialist and Tory elements in the ascendant. Next time we are going to use the advantage of our power. And any Unionists who have no stomach for such emprise, fearing the risks, may make room for those who have.

#### CANADA IN THE BALANCE.

IT is hard to think of two things at a time. During the past fortnight we have been so much excited about politics and the strike that even the whole-hearted Imperialist has scarcely known what was happening overseas. Now there is a breathing-space from domestic cares, we can glance at the Canadian election campaign. It will be an historical election, alike in its cause and in its results. There has been nothing like it in Canadian politics for at least twenty years. The last four Canadian elections have come and gone without leaving any particular mark. Canada was busy with her national policy. Her history was making itself, and the gentlemen at Ottawa were only concerned with details. Now, however, there is a real issue. Since the Laurier Government last appealed to the country, the Canadian horizon has been widened. It extends beyond the Canadian frontier, and the present contest will decide, possibly for ever, the course which Canada will take in her international dealings.

There are two great questions agitating the Canadian mind at this moment, the Navy and Reciprocity. Both obviously are international, and such is their urgency that they have forced into the background questions like the Hudson Bay route, which only five years ago would assuredly have dominated public attention. Now it chances that the Canadian Premier is at present being attacked by the Nationalists for his naval Imperialism, and by the Conservatives for his commercial anti-Imperialism. It is tempting, in these troubled times, to imagine that if the extremists on both sides are against him, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has probably taken a wise middle course, which will be endorsed by the bulk of Canadian opinion and contribute to a sure,

though gradual, strengthening of the Imperial tie. This is wholly untrue. There is no longer a particle of Imperialism about Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He has indeed appealed for Canadian support on the very ground that British Imperialists have attacked him. He has good grounds for this appeal. Both his naval and his commercial policy are animated by a merely Canadian nationalism which takes but little note of the British connexion.

As to the Navy. The key to Sir Wilfrid's attitude in this matter is to be found in the source of the attacks on his policy. They come from the French-Canadians of Quebec. This party, whose strength has astounded the Liberal wire-pullers, calls itself Nationalist. The name is misleading. The party is not nationalist, but provincialist. Its position is marked by characteristic French logic. The French-Canadians dominate Quebec. They are swamped outside it. Their interest accordingly demands that the centre of Canadian political life should be provincial—not federal. Anything that adds to the influence of Ottawa weakens the authority of Quebec. But what could do more to strengthen Ottawa's hands than the creation of a Canadian Navy, whose existence must involve international incidents? Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is a born sophist, has never met this attack fairly. Instead of defending his Nationalism he has protested his anti-Imperialism. Put the other side in, he explains to the rebels, and you will be involved in the Empire's wars and will contribute to the Empire's defence! It is monstrous that this old fox among politicians should strive to retrieve his vanishing prestige by using the Empire as a red herring.

In the matter of reciprocity Sir Wilfrid's plan is equally cunning and equally influenced by electioneering calculations. He lost seats in the West in 1908. He proposes to regain them by giving the West the benefits of the American railway system. To Imperialist objections he has an answer which at first blush seems conclusive. Suppose, he argues, that a British Government should wish to negotiate a preferential arrangement with us, on what will it ask a preference? Obviously on manufactures. Very well, the agreement with the States does not touch manufactures, and Canada's hands are still free. The sophistry of this plea is apparent when the matter is turned the other way round. Suppose that a British Government were willing to negotiate a preferential arrangement, on what would Canada ask a preference? Obviously on raw materials. And how could Britain give it when certain agreement has made Canada and the States one country as far as foodstuffs are concerned? This point has been emphasised again and again by Mr. Borden, whose speeches first roused Canadian opinion to the Imperial menace behind the agreement. It substitutes, as Mr. Borden says, economic partnership with the States for economic partnership with Britain, and in a world where economic considerations are all-important, it is madness to refuse to acknowledge that such a change must have political effect.

It is a happy coincidence that Mr. Chamberlain should just have driven all these points home. The short preface written by him for the new book of Dr. Cunningham against Free Trade where he restates the truths to which he has already called our attention is marked by all the Chamberlain robustness. "The future of the Empire lies . . . in its capacity to unite existing Dominions." This must be done "whilst the nations that compose the Empire are still plastic". "A common trade policy is the indispensable basis of a common Imperial policy." This fits the conditions of Canada to-day. The country is still plastic, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose personal prestige still over-tops any other Canadian, may be able to mould it to his wiles. His will is to make Canada a nation, without reserve. To a mind like his the matter is one not of idealism but of policy. His business was to drive the best bargain he could. Otherwise he would be turned out of office. He came to London and found no offers. He looked to Washington and terms were at



once proposed. Of course, he negotiated with Washington. Granting his temperament, it is inconceivable that he should have done anything else. Of course, too, he maintained the independence of the Canadian Navy. What return could he have obtained for its sacrifice? It was all bound to be, provided London remained blind and deaf.

### THE CITY.

THE articles in the "Times" and the "Daily Mail" extolling the courage and calmness of the Stock Exchange during the railway strike have caused some amusement in the City. If there had been a large bull account in home rails the courage and calmness would soon be dissolved in panic; but the professional element was short of stock and dared not sell more with the prospect of an early settlement of the trouble; the relative firmness of quotations was mainly due to bear covering in expectation that the week-end would bring relief, and on Saturday last, when the extent of the strike first became calculable, the "House", fortunately, was closed. This week, with the bear account reduced by repurchases, the market has not been quite so confident. The traffic returns, showing decreases of £101,000 for the North-Western, £91,000 for the Great Western, £54,000 for the Midland, £50,000 for the Lancashire and Yorkshire, £49,000 for the North-Eastern, £26,000 for the Great Central, and £16,000 for the Great Eastern and Great Northern as compared with the corresponding week last year, came as an unpleasant surprise.

The aggregate decrease of £500,000 in gross receipts of the English railways in one week does not represent a total loss of traffic. Next week's returns should show increases as the result of the movement of goods which had accumulated during the strike, but the bulk of the passenger traffic lost will never be regained, and a small percentage of the goods is also lost to the railways, while the expense ratio is sure to be higher on most lines owing to the congestion of delayed goods traffic. A little satisfaction may be derived from the knowledge that the figures published this week show the worst side of the picture, but it is feared that investors will prove rather shy of the home railway market at any rate until the report of the Royal Commission is published. Strangely enough, the Stock Exchange is inclined to minimise the importance of the concession made to the railway companies in the promise of legislative measures to increase rates if they should prove necessary. In point of fact this is a concession of the highest importance to the companies now that competition has been practically eliminated by working agreements. It is not anticipated that any general advance in rates will be required, but there are certain special services provided by the companies, such as express goods trains, for example, which are not fairly remunerative, and for which a readjustment of rates would not cause any hardship to traders or act in restraint of business. Altogether the ultimate outlook for home rails is not so bad, but at the present moment the market is very dull, and it shows no sign of immediate activity.

The New York market has recovered a little, but has not regained stability. The undertone is weak and the prospect uncertain. President Lovett, of the Union Pacific, has not helped matters by his denials of inside selling and of dissensions on the board of the company, for the reason that the precise origin of the liquidation is still undisclosed and the retirement of Mr. Frick from the board is still unexplained. Perhaps the cause of some of the selling is revealed in the decision to dismiss a few thousand of the Harriman companies' employees, which may be accepted as indicating the necessity for rigid economy, but is also a spectacular method of impressing upon the men the impossibility of granting their demands for increased pay and shorter hours. Other companies are following the Union Pacific lead in this matter, and it is hoped that the warning will be accepted by politicians as a hint that the railway com-

panies have at last come to the point of retaliation against "trust-busting" legislation. By threatening labour the companies are thought to be playing a strong card in view of the Presidential election next year. Meanwhile nobody is buying Americans.

Canadian Pacifics seem to be supported whenever they drop below 240, but the buying is chiefly short covering. The company is taking over the Quebec Central Railroad on lease under terms which look favourable to the holders of the common stock of the latter company. Grand Trunks are dull, the continuance of good traffics having no beneficial effect. Mexican Railway traffics bring no encouragement to stockholders, but Argentine rails are receiving a little attention in view of favourable crop prospects.

In the absence of business and with prices generally declining, the Stock Exchange has revived the Moorish negotiations as a market influence; but Consols and international stocks have kept relatively firm, and it is doubtful whether Morocco has been responsible for any selling in London during the week. South African mining shares are very heavy owing to continued liquidation from various sources. The selling has not been very pronounced because the absorptive power of the market is too small to permit extensive realisations. Rubbers are a little brighter in sympathy with the harder tendency for the commodity. Oils remain stagnant. Every section of the House is overshadowed by pessimism, and there is no likelihood of a change while the holiday season continues.

### INSURANCE.

#### THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH LAW LIFE.

ORIGINALLY the directors of the English and Scottish Law Life Assurance Association, founded in 1839, favoured the principle of simple bonuses, equal reversions being added at all ages to the sums assured. This practice was continued until 1901, when the more equitable "compound" plan was adopted, and at each of the last three investigations the profits have been divided in respect of sums assured plus all existing previous bonuses. Although the change from one system of apportionment to another was unquestionably wise, it happened to be made at a somewhat inauspicious moment. Prior to the 1891-95 quinquennium, a notably high rate of interest had been earned by the Association on its funds, successive averages having been £4 12s. 3d. per cent. in 1876-80, £4 9s. 6d. in 1881-5, and £4 10s. 3d. in 1886-90. In the following period, however, the quinquennial rate fell sharply to £4 2s. 8d., and during the 1896-1900 term only £3 16s. 1d. per cent was earned. An important reform was consequently introduced at a time when the effects of a prolonged fall in the value of money were still being acutely felt, and the result was the declaration of the first compound bonus at the unattractive rate of 16s. per cent. per annum. During the ensuing 1901-05 quinquennium some part of the ground lost was recovered, as the rate rose to £4 1s. 10d. per cent., but the valuation was again unsatisfactory, and bonuses were announced on the same moderate scale as before.

Including an undivided balance of £23,505 and £15,729 utilised in payment of interim bonuses, a total profit of £176,749 was shown for that quinquennium, and of this £122,773 was apportioned among the policy-holders, and £23,047 among the shareholders, leaving a balance of £15,200 over. Improved results appear to have been obtained during the five years ended 31 December last, and it begins to look as if the prosperity of the English and Scottish is returning. Adding the sum brought forward, and £17,359 paid for interim bonus and in the form of reductions of premium under discounted bonus policies, a gross profit of £193,281 was realised, enabling the directors to distribute £147,422 among the policyholders, in addition to the interim bonuses they had already received. This amount sufficed to provide them with compound reversionary bonuses at the rate of £1 5s.

per cent. per annum—an increase of 11s. per cent. on the two previous distributions. A change of such significance almost calls for explanation, seeing the amount divided was only £24,649 more than in 1906. It is evident that the rise in the bonus was not wholly due to the increased prosperity of the business, and it must be attributed—in part, at all events—to the gradual extension of the Association's without profit business, which promises to become in time almost as important as that with participation in profits.

An examination of the latest valuation returns shows that the business of the Association in connexion with whole of life participating policies is steadily decreasing, whereas its business under most other tables is in an active stage of development. Out of 13,548 policies which were in force on 31st December last, less than two-thirds had been issued with immediate participation in profits, while the premium income in respect of such contracts was £131,184, and compared with £8822 in the case of discounted bonus policies, £947 with deferred participation, and £87,779 under the various without profits tables. As a matter of fact, the character of the business transacted by the Association has materially altered in recent years. Useful profits are now being derived from sources formerly left untapped, and it is probable that the satisfactory bonus declared last February will seem small by comparison with some future announcements. The participating policy-holders have, indeed, an excellent prospect of receiving liberal bonuses hereafter. At present the surplus is not imposing, but it may be expected to prove progressive in amount. A high net rate of interest is being earned on the funds, nearly one per cent. above the rate assumed for valuation purposes; the expenditure is moderate, and it should not be overlooked that at the end of last year an amount of about £43,500 had to be written off the value of the investments on account of depreciation. But for this misfortune the recent bonus would certainly have been at the rate of 30s. per cent. or higher, as the amount in question represented more than one-fourth of the net profits available at the close of the quinquennium.

### CAN SMALL HOLDINGS PAY?

By A WORKING GARDENER, ONCE A SMALL-HOLDER.

**S**mall holdings, yes. Re-colonisation of England, yes. But when, and how, and by whom? It all rises up now before me—how eagerly I worked at the profession, more than thirty years ago, in hopes that some day I might myself become a small-holder; and after being employed in a nursery—by the millionaire with the work carried on in a scientific manner—and then jobbing as a day man, the chance came. A piece of arable land (1½ acres) was offered me at £6 an acre, close to a town of 7000 inhabitants and within half a mile of a railway station. I was allowed to rear both pigs and poultry, which I did. It took all the capital I had (£100) to put up sheds, greenhouse, and pigstys (which I did). It must be remembered that I was working besides as a day man, earning 3s. 6d. to 4s. per day when at work, averaging about five days a week, —filling in all spare time on my holding, besides working on it early morning and late at night. I soon found out the kind of competition English growers had to fight against. I have known foreign-grown potatoes sold here at 6s. 6d. per two-cwt. sack, and the same year local-grown having to be sold by auction in the market later in the season as low as 3s. After the first market, parsnips sold to dealers seldom made more than 25s. to 28s. per ton; carrots 20s. per ton, and some years not that. One had besides to employ an extra man to help bag up at 3s. per day, making the actual return much lower. I remember one year having a splendid crop of carrots for which there was practically no demand, so that I had to sell a few tons at 7s. 6d. and even 5s.; whereas carrots should make 30s. a ton to pay. Potatoes I could only grow and make pay by selling out in small quantities retail in my own shop and growing for seed, using small ones for

pigs and poultry. Apples I have sent to Covent Garden hand-picked, as large as small cocoanuts, and received back the handsome sum of 2s. 6d. per bushel. What a return for the time spent on hand-picking and straw and haulage to station! Poultry I found paid best when I had the least number and was able to look after them properly; for oftentimes the work of a small holding is so pressing that it is hard to find time to attend to them; and if sufficient time is not given to poultry something is sure to go wrong. With thirteen fowls penned up but well looked after I have made a profit of £6 per year. Pigs, also, if well managed, will pay and become a useful asset to the small holding. I was able to make them pay. Anything belonging to poultry or pigs would always sell—any class pig, or hens young or old, or eggs—at market value; but for potatoes, parsnips, carrots, etc., the market is not sure to allow a price good enough for any man in present circumstances to make the barest living. Take, for instance, the local competition. I know a village within five miles noted for its early crops and productive soil. Small holdings abound there; rent much lower than mine was; most of the men have from two to five acres—working besides as day men, in most cases having their land ploughed up for them, working mornings and nights, with the aid of their wives and boys and sometimes a man to help lift the crops. I could not compete with these men for more than one reason. For one thing, they do not depend altogether on the small holding for a living. They bring home a weekly wage, the rent of their cottages is cheap, as well as the rent of their holding, and having the help of their families they pay for very little labour. They know just what their expenses are, and sometimes any offer that is made to clear the crops off is accepted: the man has the satisfaction of knowing that his crops are off his hands, he has money to pay his rent, and a small margin for himself. How much has his small holding paid him? The answer is hard to work out; but from what I know myself, I do not think it would amount to more than 2d. per hour for all the labour he had put on it, and perhaps not that.

Small holdings are often taken up with great eagerness, and as quickly given up again. Some continue the struggle, and the difficulty of keeping the cart on the wheels the occupiers only know. Here and there you see one successful. I have lived long enough to see some men appear to be prosperous for a number of years: then comes illness, followed by losses; and men at the age of sixty to sixty-five find themselves unable to work, money all gone, stock next to nothing. If such an one gives up what can he do? No one would employ him, so he struggles on, and what is the result? He tills his ground the best way he can; no manure is used, or very little; the land becomes dirty and poor, crops light; and he wishes he had remained in employment at 15s. per week could he have been sure of constant work.

Some are successful, and I have noticed that generally they are men who use their brains and know how to make a deal, oftentimes through buying and selling adding considerably to their income. Sometimes the situation is very favourable for the sale of produce; others show the craft to scheme and sell anything that comes in their way which others would throw to the pigs, yet they will make a fair price out of it.

After working a small holding for twelve years I have given up. I worked hard, long, and quick; I lived from hand to mouth, and what I paid £100 for to start with I could only get an offer of £12 for at the finish.

Still I believe in small holdings, if one could see the right way and the right time to begin, and by whom they should be taken up. I believe that Mr. Balfour's promised Small Holdings Bill has more to recommend it than any other that has yet been put before the country. I have said that small holdings are often taken up with eagerness and then given up again. I believe this Bill would increase the constancy that is needed, and would encourage men to put in the hard work that is required. In hopes that one day the land would be his, a man would resort to deeper cultivation,

and improvements, which would mean better crops. Speaking for myself, I have not seen men with capital take up small holdings. On the other hand, I have known men working on the country roads at a very small wage, living in cottages let at 1s. or 2s. per week, having their allotments, keeping a pig or maybe two bought out of savings for 12s. or 15s. when little, cutting the grass along the lanes they are looking after and making hay, little by little building up a good stack. Then at the right time one may sell out, his pigs now become big and fat, and with the money buy other young pigs, or, say, a couple of calves.\* With the hay which he has got, costing him only his toil, he is able to run the calves through the winter, with the aid of roots grown on his allotment, in a rough shed which he has built himself, letting them run the lanes when the course is clear. Little by little, year after year, adding to his stock, he at last ventures into the proper small holding. This is one of the class of men who make small holdings pay. I think I have shown here a man succeeding, starting with no capital and low wages, giving time and patience to his work, slowly developing from the country yokel to the British yeoman. But it must be remembered that he has had his wages all the time to live on, and has risen by sheer hard work and thrift.

Now, if I started again how would I like to do so? Why, under Mr. Balfour's promised Bill, with from two to five acres, with no capital, I would give preference to having two acres of pasture land. I would like to remain in constant employment if possible, or resort to day work. The longer the land has been down to pasture, the better. With hard work and the help of boys or wife, I would start with fowls and pigs. One might let the grass grow and make hay the first year or two. I would also plant standard apples, and as the time went on—say, in five years—they would become profitable. The land by this time should be all under cultivation. Having had all the land trenched, one needs to be constantly looking round to take advantage of putting all the stock one can on the land in the form of apples, stys and sheds. If in regular employment, a man might even in the first year get enough to pay his rent. Having the future in view, he may, if careful, strong and hard-working, quick, early riser, be able to muster a pound or two to put the required stock on the ground. If he cannot do that, better leave small holdings alone on those lines; and as to venturing on other schemes before the country, grow that which there is a demand for if you can: otherwise someone else will, who does know how to grow it, and how do you expect to succeed with such competition? In short, if you know the work and have some capital, with two or five acres one may make a living by continually working for all one is worth.

J. H.

#### THE NEWER VAINGLORY.

TWO men went up to pray; and one gave thanks,  
Not with himself—aloud,  
With proclamation, calling on the ranks  
Of an attentive crowd:

“Thank God, I clap not my own humble breast,  
But other ruffians’ backs,  
Imputing crime—such is my tolerant haste—  
To any man that lacks.

“For I am tolerant, generous, keep no rules,  
And the age honours me.  
Thank God, I am not as these rigid fools,  
Even as this Pharisee.”

ALICE MEYNELL.

\* I have in my mind an instance where two fat pigs, weighing about eight score, were sold at 10s. per score, making £8. Calves and pigs were bought in return, two calves costing £3 and pigs £2.

#### A THEATRICAL LETTER-BAG.—V.

I.

The Repertory Theatre, Cottonham.

DEAR MR. PENNYQUICK,—Permit me to congratulate you on the play you sent me at the beginning of the month. I have been watching your artistic progress with great interest, and I am really glad that I am at last able to accept one of your plays for production. Your little tragedy is a thoughtful and artistically beautiful piece of work. It will be a pleasure to present it to the few people in Cottonham who really care for dramatic art. I do not promise you a widespread popularity. You have probably heard the saying: What Cottonham thinks to-day England will think to-morrow. But I am afraid that, so far as drama is concerned, Cottonham is not greatly better than London.

I am yours truly,

DIREKTOR.

II.

Top Floor Buildings, King's Road, Chelsea.

Direktor, The Repertory Theatre, Cottonham.

DEAR SIR,—I am delighted with what you say about my little play. Your advice and encouragement have been of immense advantage to a young artist who, whatever his merit, is at least sincere and constant in following the ideal you have set before him.

You will have gathered from the address at the head of this letter that I am desperately hard up. Perhaps this is a small matter; but I venture to hope that in view of the coming production of my play you will be so good as to advance me £100 on account of royalties. Not a little of my pleasure at having at last succeeded in satisfying your high standard of play-writing is due to the reflection that henceforth my days of unmerited poverty are over.

I am yours truly,

PENNYQUICK.

III.

The Repertory Theatre, Cottonham.

DEAR MR. PENNYQUICK,—Would you be so good as to sign the enclosed agreement and return it to me at your earliest convenience? I am making you the offer by way of royalties of three shillings and sixpence per performance of your play—an offer which in the circumstances of this theatre is a little beyond the limit of what we can really afford. In consideration of the high quality of your work I feel I cannot offer you less. I undertake that we will give at least two performances of your play within the next ten years, and that the first production shall take place before the end of 1917.

I am afraid I cannot make you any advance on account of royalties.

I am yours faithfully,

DIREKTOR.

IV.

Top Floor Buildings, King's Road, Chelsea.

Direktor, The Repertory Theatre, Cottonham.

DEAR SIR,—I gather from your letter and from the perusal of the enclosed agreement that within the next ten years I shall probably make seven shillings out of my play minus expenses. May I, at least, reserve London and American rights? Surely you do not propose to claim exclusive performing rights on the terms of the enclosed agreement?

Faithfully yours,

PENNYQUICK.

V.

The Repertory Theatre, Cottonham

DEAR MR. PENNYQUICK,—I return the agreement corrected in the sense you suggest. You are quite welcome to the performing rights anywhere out of Cottonham.



They are of no value. Your play is a genuine tragedy, and could not conceivably be accepted for production outside the walls of my own theatre.

Yours faithfully,

DIREKTOR.

#### VI.

Extract from the "Superior Review" upon Mr. Pennyquick's Tragedy in One Act produced at the Repertory Theatre, Cottonham:

"Mr. Pennyquick is not the mere playwright. He is a dramatist. His little tragedy is sincere in every line, and moves beautifully to an inevitable climax. In this age of commercial drama Mr. Pennyquick's tragedy is an astonishing and priceless thing."

Extract from the "Daily Courier":

"Powerful, but gloomy."

#### VII.

The Commercial Theatre W.

DEAR MR. PENNYQUICK,—You were certainly well-advised to get clear of the Cottonham people. They have no notion whatever of business, and they treat their playwrights as if they were missionaries, and wrote plays from a sense of duty or because they liked it. Down in Cottonham you were quite wasted; for you have a real talent for play-writing. Once you have got rid of some of your rather superfine ideas about art and so forth, you may blossom into one of the most popular and successful of our London authors.

The two MSS. you sent me are quite good, but they want brightening up a little. The farce is too much in the farcical vein. You want a bit of sentiment in these things, and a few serious moments to set off the funny parts. Your tragedy suffers from the same fault. It is far too gloomy. What I suggest is that you should combine the two into a single play. This would not be difficult. You could use the farce as an underplot to the tragedy, and end the thing up cheerfully. You will see easily enough how to do it. I can judge from these MSS. that you are not wanting in a real sense of the theatre. But you don't quite know yet what to avoid. Once you are free of the Cottonham influence you will be very useful to us here in London. I am sure of it.

Take your time over it. Remember that this is a business enterprise, and that we can afford to give a fair price for a good article.

I am yours sincerely,

BOXOFFICE.

#### VIII.

Top Floor Buildings, King's Road, Chelsea.

Boxoffice, The Commercial Theatre W.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter. I will write a play on the lines you suggest. I see exactly the kind of thing you require.

Would it be possible for you to make me a small advance on account of royalties? As you will see from my address I am in extremis. I promise you a play after your own heart. Meantime I must live.

I am yours truly,

PENNYQUICK.

#### IX.

The Commercial Theatre W.

DEAR MR. PENNYQUICK,—I enclose a cheque for £100. Remove yourself immediately from the poisonous atmosphere in which you are living. If your play really suits me, you shall have 5 per cent. of gross receipts. I firmly believe that all this high art nonsense is simply the result of underfeeding. Your tragedy showed distinct signs of having come from an empty stomach. Feed up well for a few days, and have another look at the thing.

I am very truly yours,

BOXOFFICE.

#### X.

Extract from the "Superior Review" upon Mr. Pennyquick's Play in Four Acts produced at the Commercial Theatre:

"What can have happened to Mr. Pennyquick? Twelve months ago, on witnessing his Tragedy in One Act at the Repertory Theatre, Cottonham, we were delighted to welcome in him a sincere and original dramatist. Confronted with his new play at the Commercial Theatre we must confess to complete bewilderment. There is in the play neither form, unity, nor the least evidence of a clear artistic purpose. It is just possible to see in the play the vague outlines of a really fine tragedy. But the main theme is hopelessly overlaid with farce, which looks to have been deliberately cheapened to the level of our commercial stage. The climax of the play is completely irrelevant to everything that precedes it. Once again we ask: What has happened to Mr. Pennyquick?"

Extract from the "Daily Courier":

"A really moving play, tears and laughter irresistibly and subtly mingled. . . finely acted and received with tremendous enthusiasm. No one should miss an opportunity of witnessing this masterpiece of pathos and humour."

#### XI.

Hotel Cecil W.C.

MY DEAR BOXOFFICE,—I quite expected to hear that my new play would require a curtain-raiser, but I am completely gravelled for a good notion. Luckily, however, when I was hunting through some old papers the other day I came across a faded MS. of a Tragedy in One Act carefully transcribed in my own handwriting. At first I could not remember the thing at all. Then I recognised it as the MS. of my first play, produced at Cottonham, out of which I have hitherto made the sum of seven shillings net, minus the cost of typing and postage, which probably came to more than the fees. With the MS. was the copy of an agreement in which I was glad to see London rights were expressly excluded. It is queer, crude, callow stuff, but the main notion is quite clever. I will rewrite the thing and you can have it as a curtain-raiser to "Ponsonby's Week-End." It is very tragic, but I think I can manage to give it a comic twist, which is all that it requires to be quite marketable. It is lucky about the London rights. I seem to remember that they were left in my hands because they were not supposed to be worth anything.

Yes; I had a great time in Egypt. My new Daimler went splendidly, and I wore out four complete sets of tyres. I have brought back a really fine copy of the diorite statue of King Khephreen. What a glorious thing it is! You must come and see this reproduction. I always insist on your sharing my little triumphs as a collector. Had it not been for you I should never have had the opportunity of indulging my love and enthusiasm for beautiful things.

Always yours sincerely,

PENNYQUICK.

#### THE TAPESTRIES OF ZAMORA.

By ROYALL TYLER.

IT is by no means easy to get a sight of these tapestries or to find out anything definite from Spaniards who have seen them. I have visited Zamora several times and have noted down that they are shown during the Octave of Corpus Christi. Probably a good many people have been guilty of mentioning them in print without having set eyes on them. I myself wrote a book in which, relying on the authority of the best eye-witness available, I called them a sixteenth century series representing the War of Troy, not unlike those of Charles V.'s expedition to Tunis in the Royal Palace, Madrid. This year, happening to be at a place about seventy miles as the crow flies—and some twelve hours by coach and train—from Zamora, I decided to go and look for myself. Arriving on the feast of Corpus,

I found that the tapestries were no longer shown during the Octave, but only on the day of the Octave. So back to Simancas I went, and undertook the journey again a week later. My trouble was not in vain; I found them all hung in the Cathedral cloisters, with the choir-boys and their allies playing hide-and-seek in and out of them, practising marksmanship on Hector and King Priam, tearing peek-a-boo holes in some of the most valuable tapestries in Spain or out of it, under the indifferent noses of Canons who paced up and down smoking cigarettes. Without surprise I heard that, no longer ago than the reign of Isabel II., the loyal Chapter had them sent to the neighbouring town of Benavente and stretched over the cobble-stones that the royal cavalcade might ride over them on its way through the place. Fortunately they were rescued in time by the Queen. May her grandson rescue them again!

On a magnificent summer morning I found the entire inner wall of the cloisters covered with them. About half are indifferent or quite poor later Brussels work, but the set representing the War of Troy, five huge strips occupying over a third of the space, bears no resemblance to that of Charles V.'s expedition to Tunis, nor is it of the sixteenth century, but of the fifteenth, and probably not of its very last years. The pieces composing it are without frame-borders, dating from a time when tapestries were made as far as possible in one piece, though frequently cut up afterwards for convenience. Along the top run inscriptions in white on a rose-red ground, Latin and Old French verses relating the episodes depicted below, and this rose-red is caught up again and again until it gives, as it were, the key-note of the whole. The slaying of Hector, the death of Troilus, the wooden horse, the burning of Troy, each of the scenes—and each piece contains several—is a variation in which the dominant note is rose-red, while many other strong colours take a share in making the composition rich and diverse. These tapestries are not enhanced with metal threads like some of the most boasted products of Brussels, especially in the early sixteenth century, and their unity of material gives an effect of beauty and simplicity unattained by more elaborate methods. One might write pages on costumes and types, skill in establishing values by means of which fearful mêlées of armed men and horses avoid confusion, charming animals, plants and flowers introduced here and there, fanciful architecture, and, in spite of choir-boys, the admirable condition in which they have reached us. They have never been restored except for a patch here and there, nor do they offer any excuse for restoration; only the browns are going, as they always do, before the other shades, doubtless for some reason connected with the properties of the dye. But it happens that at either end of this set of the War of Troy there hang isolated pieces that afford a most interesting comparison. On one side there are two large border-framed strips of Biblical allegories, and on the other an enormous unbordered piece, measuring some five yards by nine, in which are set forth three episodes from the life of Tarquinius Priscus, fifth King of Rome.

Now, the piece dedicated to Tarquinius Priscus seemed to me not only the best of those exhibited at Zamora, but an incomparable work of art recording a great triumph in tapestry designing and weaving. Beside it the Troy series, though superb in itself, shows unexpected faults, and the two Biblical pieces betray a restless pursuit of effects much better achieved in painting, and mark the point at which the art began to lose the proud position it had held for upwards of a century and a half. Between Tarquinius Priscus and the Biblical pieces there is a difference quite out of proportion to the space of time—certainly under fifty years—that separates them. One is entirely free from the tyranny painting began to exercise over tapestry early in the sixteenth century, the others, evidently designed by a man preoccupied by the questions of perspective and composition that were absorbing painters' attention in his day, show it in a dozen ways. Contemporaries probably liked the Biblical allegories better than Tarquinius Priscus, but to-day the earlier work shows immensely superior to the later

precisely because it was designed by someone who had first and foremost in his mind's eye the possibilities and limitations of tapestry and cared not a fig for perspective. This man saw in terms of woven yarn and not in terms of paint. Why it was that the designing of tapestry fell more and more into the hands of people who treated it as at best the reproduction of pictures no one knows. At any rate, time has proved the earlier ideas right. I do not mean to decry the products of the Gobelins, Beauvais, or Aubusson, but either they are ornamented exclusively with foliage and formal motives or they attempt to reproduce a picture, in which case, however beautiful, they are inferior to any fine fifteenth century work, were it only for the reason that the earlier designer avoided risking too much on delicate values in flesh, skies, and distances, with the result that his tapestry looks fresher, and, in fact, has felt the hand of Time much less than, for instance, a remarkable set of Gobelins of 1725 or thereabouts on show at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris, at this moment.

At Zamora the two Biblical pieces serve as a foil to the older work. The Trojan set and the single piece of the history of Tarquin appear to be nearly contemporary, yet they present deep-lying differences that give food for thought. They were certainly not designed by the same hand. Both show a hardy independence of notions acquired in the practice of painting, both are the work of men who never dreamt of admitting that their art owed allegiance to any other. But the Trojan series' profusion of picturesque and grotesque incident arrests the eye and attention with every detail, whilst the other, serene and majestic, produces a simpler effect and a more lasting, satisfying impression. Its three scenes, from left to right, are: Tarquin, his wife Tanaquil, and their attendants approaching the Janiculus on their way to Rome, when the eagle snatched Tarquin's cap from off his head; the crowning of Tarquin; Tarquin defeating the Latins in battle. The whole composition is very light in colour; a background of white architecture gives a note which each of the groups below answers with the most sumptuous velvets and brocades, the most delicate flowers, grasses and blossoming shrubs that ever gladdened the eye in tapestry. Here no little grinning episodes distract the attention; the drawing is of the finest quality and not without a touch of malice in the frail and lovely Tanaquil and her pretty minions in their finery, but nothing is allowed to intrude upon the balance and dignity of the whole. It is typical of the difference in temper between this piece and the Trojan series that fifteenth century Burgundian attire and pomp seem natural and becoming in one, and raise a laugh—perhaps intentionally, who knows?—in the others.

I could discover nothing of the history of these tapestries beyond the tradition that they were brought from Flanders in the second half of the sixteenth century by one Enriquez de Guzman, Count de Alba de Liste, a contemporary of the Duke, but of another house. They are certainly Flemish, and were probably made in Hainaut. When Louis XI. took Arras in 1477 he stopped the looms in that city, and the weavers retired to Lille, Tournai, Valenciennes, and other places, where they carried on their art as before. The restraint and elegance of Tarquin's triumph at once made me think of French design, though I can remember nothing resembling it. On the other hand, delight in caricature and overloaded compositions, signs of Flemish influence, are present in the Trojan series. In the French Primitive Room at the Louvre, however, there are four large drawings labelled "French, late fifteenth century", that might almost be sketches for cartoons for these very tapestries, which follow them line for line except that the tapestries contain more grotesque detail. I do not mean to suggest that the Louvre drawings were made for the Zamora tapestries; in those days compositions were not regarded as personal property and, more or less modified to suit various purposes, were freely borrowed. But it is quite certain that there is some connexion between them; the resemblance is much too close to be a mere coincidence, though the Trojan War was a favourite theme at the time.

There are many precious tapestries in Spain. Those

in the Royal Palace are well known, and others scarcely inferior are to be found in churches and convents such as the Cathedral of Palencia and Las Huelgas at Burgos. But quite apart from its enormous archaeological importance, looked upon purely as a work of art, the Crowning of Tarquin is more beautiful than any other in the country.

### NUITS ROUGES.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

THE village, when I saw it first in the sunshine of a summer morning, wore that air of innocent tranquillity that is especially characteristic of French villages. Its houses, shaded for almost half a mile on either hand by a noble avenue of acacias, lined the main road, which vanished into the forest of Fontainebleau at one end, and at the other turned into the smiling valley of the Loing. In one of these houses were my quarters—clean, simple, and happily devoid of stuffy upholstery and superfluous ornaments. I looked out of the window. A dog or two slept lazily in the sunshine; here and there an old woman sat knitting on a chair by the roadside; a horse, released from the shafts of his cart, was grazing under the trees. There was no sound but, from the railway near by, the growing, passing, and diminishing roar of the Rapide on its way to the South. I do not mind the sound of trains passing; they prevent me from being lonely, and remind me of the great world that lies beyond these tranquillities. And looking out upon this scene I said to myself: Here I shall find peace; here, among these innocent souls, far from the distraction of cities, my mind will refresh itself; here in the sweet air of the forest my town-jaded nerves will be braced, and in tranquillity of body and mind I can labour at my appointed task.

I should have known, of course. I could not plead lack of experience; experience of France especially, where tranquillity is almost unknown. But I am afraid I do not learn very well from experience; I find her a dull instructress. When I have stumbled with her through my lesson of the moment I throw all my books away; and in an examination in the faculty of not being taken by surprise, I am afraid my name would stand very low on the lists. This policy has considerable advantages, but it has disadvantages also, as in the present case. There were many signs for me to read, but I did not read them; I was pleased with the acacia trees and the wallpaper and furniture of my apartments, and I shut my eyes to other signs; although at least the word "Ralentir" in great capital letters on a board at the entrance to the village, and the piles of blue and red boxes by the roadside, with the words "Moto" and "Auto" conspicuously on them, should have reminded me that this was the national road between Paris and Marseilles. I spent some days in the gradual discovery of this and other things.

I will pass over the shrieks of the railway at night, loud and sudden shrieks, eloquent not of the rapid, humming passage of express trains, but of the endless shunting and marshalling of goods trains—shrieks that echo from one side of the valley to the other, and are of such startling, piercing, and angry quality, and rend the air with such surprising suddenness, that even yet they make my heart jump. I will not say much of the motor-cars, although for every hour of pleasure I have had in driving large motor-cars swiftly I have now paid, as is only just, an ample price from nervous punishment inflicted through their use by others. The French, who are great lovers of childish noise, are more fiendish than any other nation in the invention of dreadful instruments of warning for their motor-cars; and the motor-cars that rush under my window late at night and in the small hours of the morning, with open exhausts and instruments of the siren and dying-pig pattern which always reach their high note just under my window, impart to my village world the character of a battlefield and a slaughterhouse combined. I will pass over the cats, whose dreadful nocturnal combats in the

moonlight suggest the Day of Judgment; the procession of carts that begins at five in the morning, each bearing a sharp, loud and impudent motor-horn which the drivers toot during the whole of their slow progress through the village at every hour of the day; the shouting and badinage with which the street is filled; and the cocks—that demented race into which I sometimes think the evil spirit entered when it left the herd of Gadarene swine—raucously shrieking and answering each other throughout the short summer night. I will say nothing of these things because I have decided to except them; and I will come at once to the butcher.

Next door to me is a new and pretty house, the lower part taking the form of a neat little shop, the open front of which is always veiled by a gay striped curtain. On the morning after my arrival I was awakened from sound sleep by a great concussion, which was repeated several times, so that the room and the bed were shaken by it. I was not fully awake; and I had for a second or two that sense of great disaster which is produced by loud and inexplicable sounds in the night. But the concussions continued, and, becoming wide awake and listening, I heard that they were accompanied by human voices, so that at least, if there was a disaster, some one was up and knew about it. The sounds continued, and apparently came from immediately beneath me; as they recurred with great frequency and violence I abandoned my first theory that there had been an explosion as untenable. To my amazement the voices accompanying them sometimes uttered themselves in laughter, so that apparently the occurrence, whatever it was, was not even serious. The sounds continued very spasmodically, in character something between the blow of a steam-hammer and the crash of a woodman's axe in a tree; and sometimes there was a whining sound like sawing, but the saw was working on something harder than wood; the note was shrill. And gradually the dreadful consciousness came upon me that the shop underneath was a butcher's shop, and that the butcher was in it, chopping meat. But what kind of meat? What joints were these, which had to be severed with such blows that the whole building vibrated; what chopper or cleaver was this, and what arm that wielded it? It seemed as though a feast of giants were preparing. I was so shocked and interested for a time that I hardly noticed the inconvenience of the hour, and later, indeed, fell into a troubled sleep.

That was the introduction to a form of torture which I have found quite unique. In the spell of terribly hot weather that has lasted here for more than a month it resolved itself into the following procedure. At about half-past two, or sometimes earlier, I would be awakened by a thud on the other side of the wall—that was the butcher getting out of bed. Two minutes afterwards (so brief was his toilet) I would hear the opening of the shop doors downstairs; then voices would sound, not in low tones and whispers such as most people use who have to be astir when everything else is asleep, but loud and unashamed. On the other side of the road is a stable containing a horse and an ass; at a quarter to three some one would go over and harness the horse and put it into a cart. This was always the signal for the ass to break into a lamentable and incredibly loud exhibition of that insanity with which the animal creation seems at times to be stricken. Then, or somewhere about this time, the first blow would fall—a sickening crash with a kind of softness in it, suggestive of the heavy steel tearing its way through flesh and sinew to the bone. Things in the room would tremble, and the loud voice of the butcher, rejoicing like a horse saying Ha! Ha! amid the battle, would rise to a shout, as though in a transport of joy. The horse and cart would then drive away, and there would be half an hour of chopping; a kind of epicurean chopping, done, one would say, more for pleasure than for necessity—a chop here and there, when the butcher's eye lighted on a more than usually provocative-looking joint—but not serious work. At about this time, too, the butcher began to make other noises, loud noises in his throat which I will not further particularise, except that they



added in a quite dreadful way to the picture which my tortured imagination was conjuring up. Then there would follow a noise of sweeping, and of buckets of water being poured on the floor. What was it that he was sweeping? Why should buckets of water be poured on the floor? What stains were they that had to be thus washed away? And then the cart would come back, it being now about a quarter to four, and the horse would take his stand just under my window. He was fitted with a large collar containing a number of bells that shook whenever he moved; the flies would begin to annoy him, and he would shake himself about once every ten seconds; and once every thirty seconds he would strike his iron shoe on the cobble stones; this until six o'clock. And on the return of the cart the activity in the shop would become quite dreadful. There were evidently more people than one chopping, but the deep note of the first chopper could always be distinguished in the grisly orchestra. Sometimes, when one was tired of chopping, he would take up a saw, and the whining note would be heard; but I pictured to myself the chief butcher being rather impatient of this finicking method, because when the sawing had continued for a little while there would suddenly come a mighty and sickening crash, as though the butcher could not restrain himself any longer; and the crash would be followed by a pause, as though for a moment even his gloomy passion had been satiated. But the pause would only be for a moment, and then serious chopping would begin again, accompanied by loud talk and laughter (and by those other sounds), until seven or eight o'clock, when I would rise, trembling and twittering, like a drunkard from a debauch.

Such a story could have but two endings; happily for me it had the least dramatic. The butcher, at my instigation, has been haled before the Judge of the Peace, and has by him been admonished and required not to chop before half-past five in the morning. But if it had gone on, if I had been by some fate compelled to occupy that chamber for a year or more, there would have been a different ending. The butcher would have died—by what means I do not know or care; and I should have been found chopping him with his own chopper on his own table into tiny little pieces, and laughing and shouting as I did it. And I should never have used the saw, only chopped and chopped again until the house shook. And I should have been led forth and hanged, and the papers would have dwelt indignantly, not only on the murder of an innocent and hard-working tradesman, but on the singularly brutal circumstance of the chopping up of the body; and no one, except the Providence that adjusted the human nervous system to endure to a certain point and no farther, would have understood.

I have never seen inside the butcher's shop; I have never, to my knowledge, seen the butcher. I do not know whether it was elephants or rhinoceroses that were dismembered in the fragrant summer nights; nor do I know what horrible sin of a former existence this man was expiating, that it was laid upon him to rise up from his bed in the soft, sweet hours of the night, and begin fiendishly to chop corpses with a hatchet. These things are mysteries; and when in the sunshine of day I pass the neat little shop, all modestly veiled behind its gay striped curtain, it seems to me entirely innocent, like the environment of a dream seen by daylight. But I know that it is not the place of a dream; and that, but for me, its innocent-looking door would nightly gape and pour forth a flood of lamplight on to the sleeping road, and that the village would resound to the blows of the chopper crashing through bones.

I am now practically a vegetarian.

#### SOME GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE.

##### A NORMAN.

THE Durdans belong to one of the oldest families in Normandy. They boast that six knights of their name went with William the Norman and fought at Hastings against the perjured Harold; but by some

strange oversight the name has been omitted from the roll of Battle Abbey and from Domesday Book. It is rash for any Frenchman to claim descent beyond the fourteenth century. Many pedigrees go back to that period, for if formerly they wished to mount in the King's carriages and follow his Majesty out hunting they had to show that they were noble since 1400. The Durdans are therefore able to produce conclusive evidence of their "noblesse" back to 1350. At one time they lived in the Cotentin and exercised feudal sway over many square miles. In the days of the Reformation they turned Protestant, and were staunch upholders of the "Religion" down to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They had then to choose between their faith and their advance in life, and preferred to consult their more material interests; they therefore conformed outwardly to Catholicism, but could not all at once shake off the beliefs their race had cherished for a hundred and fifty years. They therefore intermarried either with avowed Protestants or with families which had become Catholic for similar reasons. Bit by bit their stubbornness wore away, and by the time of the French Revolution the fifth Marquis de Durdans was a Voltairean and a cynic who openly boasted of his indifference to all creeds. He squandered his inheritance and had so mortgaged his family estates that his creditors foreclosed upon him and forced him to sell the property which the Durdans had held for four hundred years. By this time he had sown his wild oats; but he still preserved those fascinating manners which had exposed him to so many temptations in the days of his hot youth. He thus made himself agreeable to his older relatives, two of whom insisted on making him their universal legatee. Thus it was that in the early years of the last century he became the owner of two estates, one in Normandy and the other in Touraine, which recouped him his heavy losses. He could hold his own with all his neighbours when the Restoration gave back to the old noblesse some of that prestige which it had lost in the dark days of the Revolution. Even those who still professed subversive doctrines had to give way to him. If by chance he noticed a peasant ill-mannered enough to remain covered when he passed by, he very soon whipped off his hat with his walking-stick. He was extremely hospitable to the local clergy; but kept them properly in their places. When they dined with him he drove all the parish priests into the dining-room without much respect: "Allons, Messieurs les Curés, à la soupe, à la soupe." By this time he had thoroughly dropped all the visions of his early youth and gave Charles X.'s Conservative Prime Minister, Count de Villèle, clearly to understand that his principles were far too revolutionary for his taste. In his old age he came to the conclusion that he had led an extremely improper life, and determined to make amends for his sins. He therefore made up his mind to separate from his wife, who bored him, and secluded himself in a château whose apartments he remodelled so as to be like the cells of the neighbouring Trappist monastery, and after a few years' seclusion from a world which he was convinced was fast going to perdition died in the odour of sanctity, at least in the minds of the local clergy, whom he always entertained with lavish hospitality, and of the poor and needy, to whom he was always most charitable. He erected crucifixes at all the cross-roads within twelve miles around, and rebuilt all his farmhouses on the most approved principles. The people forgot the errors of his youth, and venerate the memory of the good Marquis down to the present day.

His grandson lacks the extremes of his ancestor, but is quite a man of mark in his own way. His one ambition is to be the oracle of the "Club" as the most exclusive of French "cercles" is known to all who belong to it. To attain this end he first discovers what the majority of his "coterie" think, and when he has once really grasped this he adopts it as his own opinion and professes it at every opportunity. Thus he has become an arbiter of taste, and no one who wishes to be considered a man of taste would think of expressing

an opinion on a political question, a play, a book, a "revue" or a woman's good looks without first consulting the Marquis de Durdans. He must be right, for he re-echoes the opinions of the leading men of the "Club", and anyone who ventures to argue the matter is neither more nor less than an offensive bore. "Il croit que c'est arrivé" or he has "l'esprit faux" if by any chance he ventures to differ, and the ambition which every young Frenchman has who belongs to the "Club" to be in the swim prevents him from thinking otherwise. The Marquis de Durdans is most careful not to wound any susceptibilities by putting his own opinions unduly to the front. "On le dit", and therefore it must be true. "On trouve" that such and such a "revue" is intensely witty, either because it makes fun of the President of the Republic's poor manners and want of distinction, or finds that since the "Ouest" has become the property of the State it must take six months to travel from Havre to Paris. Needless to say that the "Club" turns up like a man at the Revue six or seven times, and its success is thus absolutely assured. The Marquis' sayings are often quoted. Thus a relative married for love a mushroom Count of the Second Empire who was remarkable for his good looks, and the Marquis summed up the situation by saying "Three months of bliss and a whole life spent at the bottom of the dinner-table". On one occasion he was puzzled to know how a man of his ancient lineage ought to write to his tradesmen. He looked up the family archives and found they finished their orders by saying "Je me porte bien, Durdans"; so he now writes to his bootmaker: "Je me porte bien et ma famille se porte bien aussi; Durdans." He implicitly believes in the tradition that his family did fight at Hastings, and he therefore often attends the meetings of the "Souvenir Normand". His château is not far from Dieppe, which excuses many a run over to England, only three and a half hours from his hall door. He also gladly welcomes to his hospitable table those friends he has made on these trips. The present château dates from the early years of Louis XV.'s reign and looks extremely imposing at the end of a straight avenue lined by yews on either side. This part of Normandy is at its best about Whitsuntide when the colza is in full bloom, for it shines one stretch of gold relieved by the apple blossoms in the neighbouring orchards. Of late the Marquis has become rather severe in his criticisms of the tendencies of modern English politics. He used at one time to argue that England's greatness arose from its contempt of an equality which was impossible, and from its devotion to that liberty which had ceased to exist in France under the Third Republic. He now thinks that we are falling away from our great traditions and adopting those levelling principles which have done so much mischief in France. He still preserves some hope that England will return to its old loyalty, and that the easy working of our institutions may react on his own country. He also believes that the first war in which France engages will send its corrupt governing classes to the right-about and restore the prestige of that "noblesse" under whose guidance alone it can hope to resume its proper place amongst the nations of Europe.

#### VISIONS.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

##### THE DREAM OF KING KARNA-VOOTRA.

KING KARNA-VOOTRA sitting on his throne commanding all things said "I very clearly saw last night the queenly Vava-Nyria. Though partly she was hidden by great clouds that swept continually by her, rolling over and over, yet her face was unhidden and shone, being full of moonlight.

"I said to her 'Walk with me by the great pools in many-gardened, beautiful Istrakhan where the lilies float that give delectable dreams; or, drawing aside the curtain of hanging orchids, pass with me thence from the pools by a secret path through the else impassable jungle that fills the only way between the mountains

that shut in Istrakhan. They shut it in and look on it with joy at morning and at evening when the pools are strange with light, till in their gladness sometimes there melts the deadly snow that kills upon lonely heights the mountaineers. They have valleys among them older than the wrinkles in the moon.

"Come with me thence or linger with me there and either we shall come to romantic lands which the men of the caravans only speak of in song; or else we shall listlessly walk in a land so lovely that even the butterflies that float about it when they see their images flash in the sacred pools are terrified by their beauty, and each night we shall hear the myriad nightingales all in one chorus sing the stars to death. Do this and I will send heralds far from here with tidings of thy beauty; and they shall run and come to Sëndara and men shall know it there who herd brown sheep; and from Sëndara the rumour shall spread on, down either bank of the holy river of Zoth, till the people that make wattles in the plains shall hear of it and sing; but the heralds shall go northward along the hills until they come to Sooma. And in that golden city they shall tell the kings, that sit in their lofty, alabaster house, of thy strange and sudden smiles. And often in distant markets shall thy story be told by merchants out from Sooma as they sit telling careless tales to lure men to their wares.

"And the heralds passing thence shall come even to Ingrá, to Ingrá where they dance. And there they shall tell of thee, so that thy name long hence shall be sung in that joyous city. And there they shall borrow camels and pass over the sands and go by desert ways to distant Nirid to tell of thee to the lonely men in the mountain monasteries.

"Come with me even now for it is Spring."

And as I said this she faintly yet perceptibly shook her head. And it was only then I remembered my youth was gone and she dead forty years."

#### SPRING IN TOWN.

At a street corner sat, and played with a wind, Winter disconsolate.

Still tingled the fingers of the passers-by and still their breath was visible, and still they huddled their chins into their coats when turning a corner they met with a new wind, still windows lighted early sent out into the street the thought of romantic comfort by evening fires. These things still were; yet the throne of Winter tottered, and every breeze brought tidings of further fortresses lost on lakes or boreal hill-slopes. And not any longer as a king did Winter appear in those streets, as when the city was decked with gleaming white to greet him as a conqueror and he rode in with his glittering icicles and haughty retinue of prancing winds; but he sat there with a little wind at the corner of the street, like some blind beggar with his hungry dog. And as to some old blind beggar Death approaches, and the alert ears of the sightless man prophetically hear his far-off footfall, so there came suddenly to Winter's ears the sound from some neighbouring garden of Spring approaching as she walked on daisies.

And Spring appearing looked at huddled, inglorious Winter.

"Begone", said Spring.

"There is nothing for you to do here", said Winter to her. Nevertheless he drew about him his grey and battered cloak and rose and called to his little bitter wind and up a side street that led northward strode away.

Pieces of paper and tall clouds of dust went with him as far as the city's outer gate. He turned there and called to Spring.

"You can do nothing in this city", he said. Then he marched homeward over plains and sea and heard his old winds howling as he marched, the ice broke up behind him and foundered like navies. To left and to right of him flew the flocks of the sea-birds, and far before him the geese' triumphant cry went like a clarion. Greater and greater grew his stature as he went northwards and ever more kingly his mien. Now he took

baronies at a stride and now counties and came again to the snow-white, frozen lands where the wolves came out to meet him, and, draping himself anew with old grey clouds, strode through the gates of his invincible home, two old ice-barriers swinging on pillars of ice that had never known the sun.

So the town was left to Spring, and she peered about to see what she could do with it. Presently she saw a dejected dog coming prowling down the road, so she sang to him and he gambolled. I saw him next day strutting by with something of an air. Where there were trees she went to them and whispered, and they sang the arboreal song that only trees can hear, and the green buds came peeping out, as stars while yet it is twilight, secretly one by one. She went to gardens and awaked from dreaming the warm, maternal earth. In little patches bare and desolate she called up like a flame the golden crocus, or its purple brother like an emperor's ghost. She gladdened the graceless backs of untidy houses, here with a weed, there with a little grass. She said to the air "Be joyous". Children began to know that daisies blew in unfrequented corners. Buttonholes began to appear in the coats of the young men. The work of Spring was accomplished.

#### THE STORM.

THEY saw a little ship that was far at sea and that went by the name of the "Petite Espérance". And because of its uncouth rig and its lonely air and the look that it had of coming from strangers' lands they said "It is neither a ship to greet nor desire, nor yet to succour when in the hands of the sea".

And the sea rose up as is the wont of the sea and the little ship from afar was in his hands, and frailer than ever seemed its feeble masts with their sails of fantastic cut and their alien flags. And the sea made a great and very triumphing voice, as the sea doth. And then there arose a wave that was very strong, even the ninth-born son of the hurricane and the tide, and hid the little ship and hid the whole of the far parts of the sea. Thereat said those who stood on the good dry land:

"'Twas but a little worthless, alien ship and it is sunk at sea, and it is good and right that the storm have spoil." And they turned and watched the course of the merchantmen, laden with silver and appeasing spice; year after year they cheered them into port and praised their goods and their familiar sails. And many years went by.

And at last with decks and bulwarks covered with cloth of gold; with age-old parrots that had known the troubadours, singing illustrious songs and preening their feathers of gold; with a hold full of emeralds and rubies; all silken with Indian loot; furling as it came in its way-worn alien sails, the "Petite Espérance" glided into port, shutting the sunlight from the merchantmen: and lo! it loomed the equal of the cliffs.

"Who are you", they asked, "far-travelled, wonderful ship?"

And they said "The 'Petite Espérance'".

"O" said the people on shore. "We thought you were sunk at sea."

"Sunk at sea?" sang the sailors. "We could not be sunk at sea—we had the gods on board."

#### AFTER THE FIRE.

WHEN that happened which had been so long in happening and the world hit a black, uncharted star, certain tremendous creatures out of some other world came peering among the cinders to see if there were anything there that it were worth while to remember. They spoke of the great things that the world was known to have had; they mentioned the mammoth. And presently they saw man's temples, silent and windowless, staring like empty skulls.

"Some great thing has been here", one said, "in these huge places." "It was the mammoth" said one. "Something greater than he" said another.

And then they found that the greatest thing in the world had been the dreams of man.

#### THE HOLIDAY.

THE daily routine in the homestead is no small part of the well-being of the tethered pilgrim. Meetings and dispersals swing secure as the movements of the sun. The silence standing morning and afternoon in the rambling chambers of the old house heartens you with its tale of work going forward in garden and greenhouse, in field and yard—tells how the living tide will flow again through every quiet room. And beyond the encircling labour lies again a belt of peace. The distant meadows dream all day upon the hillsides. Stillness lying, fold upon fold, over the valleys, broods thickest upon the dark woods shrouding the low ridges along the sky line. Southward the dim downs point to where the unseen sea washes the silent shore.

To-day, at last, while summer still glows full and the turning year has made no sign, the spell is broken.

Upon this morning's meeting in the sunlit, low-ceiled room followed no lingering dispersal. The workers, released from their setting, from the flowing harmony in which so securely they had seemed to poise, pervade the house. They challenge you at every turn with disconcerting signs. You must make fresh terms with them.

Against the dismantled breakfast-table fishing-nets are propped, brought out from long lying in the potting-shed, with rusty frames and last summer's holes to be mended before the setting out. The two workaday guns, fresh cleaned, stand ready in the corner. In the roomy kitchen, where on most days one most may feel the steady beating heart of the household, all is changed. The great fire which should be glowing clear, burning its fullest towards the day's concern, is banked to "keep in", and the dark bars of the grate throw a chill into the summer morning. On the large table stand unknown hampers. Twenty times since breakfast has the "glass" been tapped. The house is full of glad, aimless going to and fro, of unaccustomed laughter. It is a fair day. Full sunshine pours over the world, the great world, standing through all the year just beyond the zone of labour, sprung to-day, as you may hear, into accessibility, the world of half-familiar lanes, of long vistas, of homestead and village, field and hamlet and common streaming by; of a long going forward in an all-promising morning and, at last, the treasure of the beckoning sea. Preparations are at an end and they are off, off down the hill in a tumult—gone and away.

With the dying of the last sound upon the sunlit road you are alone in the old homestead. The apprehension—the vague, chill sense that rose to meet this morning's revelation of interests, of links and resources outside the serene harbour of every day grows and sharpens as you turn from the garden gate and go towards the house. The doorway and hall show suddenly, shrunken and mean. In the strong light, playing but a moment ago upon moving human forms, the empty living room shows for the first time its shabby poverty—its worm-eaten window frames, its faded draperies, the cracks in walls and ceiling. . . .

You are robbed now, chill and lone as when you came. All is still to do. The great fair, home-place, festooned with summer light, garlanded with interwoven nights, whose long far journeys led still deeper into the warm magic, is vanished and gone. Every step you take through the echoing spaces drives you further back and back, makes more burdensome your powerless empty hands.

Nor does your escape to the garden bring relief. To walk along its deserted pathways is to see with a disinterested clarity, as one sees on a Sunday, all that needs doing, all that is being done. But the Sunday sense, the serene sense of quiet-breathing cessation is lacking. There is uneasiness in this week-day vision of the rough edges of labour—a threat in the bundle of stakes lying at the head of the rise whence the ranks of tiny chrysanthemums march to the border of the chicken-run. The skeins of raffia waiting in the tomato-house, the maze of burdened branches, the overgrown strands hanging across the gangway; the coiled hose and



watering-cans standing idle in the tool-shed, the dry brown earth of the great bed of geranium cuttings, tell of the terms of the conflict, of labour just keeping pace with necessity—narrowly stemming the tide of disaster. The challenge stands, clear and relentless in the deserted enclosure. The price shall be exacted for even this one day.

You must see the good shelter now—stripped and cold and definite, a mere foothold on the edge of the abyss. In the poor house standing at the head of the slope, peering from under its eaves over the garden and fields, tainting the air of every room with its mouldering age—generations of adventurers have come and gone, have lived out their lives in heedless faith. . . . Your foot-fall sounds loud and strange at noon on the uneven flags of the empty stable-yard—the rough doorway leading through to the "flower garden" is closed as if it were night-time, and you must tussle in the silence for your right of entry. The narrow pathways are strewn still with the dead leaves of the evergreen oak blown down by last week's wind. The great masses of gaillardias flaring their fullest of blossom straggle in all directions.

Your midday meal laid out and "covered down" since early morning in the little study summons you through the open French window. The solitary feast in the narrow room commits you finally to bereavement. . . . The wearing afternoon brings its due flood of deepening colour; brings a vision of the sea beyond the hills flowing in all along the coast—flowing emerald and blue, amber and brown and grey, with glinting pathways and small shadows skimming before the wind—flowing in over the sand, over brown rocks towards shingly beaches where a myriad pilgrims listen once more to its tale, gaze with serene eyes at the distant everyday redeemed and akindle yet once more. . . . The rosy glow coming at last from the boles of the sycamores brings you to your feet.

You may make up the kitchen fire and draw the huge kettle, standing ready-filled, to a central place. The clamorous pigeons flutter at the window as you move to and fro, circling round your head as you make your way through the yard to the chaff-cutting shed. In the cool gloom stand the pails of chicken food. With a sound like the sharp pattering of raindrops, the Dutch poplars beyond the fowl-run are rattling their burnished leaves in the rising breeze. It will be cold when the sun has gone. The glasshouses are in your hands now and grant you a quickened sense of their precious burden as you come back up the long slope of the garden with your empty pails. You must pull in the rusty bars of the ventilators and close the unwilling doors. The day is over. Soon will come the soft flooding of the lamplight, the faces turned towards to-morrow.

#### FIGHTING LEE'S BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.\*

BY COLONEL W. GORDON McCABE  
(of General Lee's Army).

MR. FORMBY tells us at the outset that his work was undertaken "because he could get no book of convenient size dealing with the whole war by land and sea, nor any work in which contemporary events were sufficiently kept together, so as to explain the varying phases of the war or that had maps of satisfactory size on standardised scales. None set forth the real causes of the war, and almost all were too full either of military technicalities or personal details, and it seemed that there was room for a condensed history of the war rather than of the fighting". The reasons he gives for his venture are sound enough, and there is abundant evidence throughout that he has read widely, if not always wisely, in his subject, and has spared no pains to make his book one of permanent value. A measure of value it undoubtedly has, yet owing to a certain

baldness and poverty of style and a pronounced lack of literary perspective, it seems to me that he has achieved at best but a succès d'estime. Battle after battle in that great war had its dramatic crisis, its crucial moment, when some unforeseen, often some trivial, circumstance turned the wavering scale of fight, yet of this, which thrills alike general reader and scientific student, there is no hint here. Let us take some of Mr. Formby's battle-pieces. Discussing events prior to the first Battle of Manassas, he says: "When Johnston slipped away (from Patterson at Harper's Ferry), he left 22,000 Union troops idle, 'observing' the 1000 or 1500 Confederates remaining to bluff them under the brilliant Magruder, who carried out his task to perfection". This would seem to mean that Johnston had left Magruder with 1000 or 1500 men to "bluff" Patterson, whereas Magruder was 150 miles away, commanding his little "Army of the Peninsula". Magruder is evidently a prime favourite of the author, for, later on, in describing the operations at Yorktown in 1862, he says: "Magruder's operations are a model in their way, and there (Yorktown) he waited till McClellan began to besiege his lines in force, when he slipped away exactly at the right time, falling back on ample reinforcements under Longstreet, who fought the rear-guard action at Williamsburg, and brought all away safely". All praise to "Old Mac", in whose army I had the honour to serve, but Mr. Formby must be reminded that General Joseph E. Johnston was then in command at Yorktown, and that it was that consummate soldier, the greatest master of skilful retreat in either army, who gave the order to Magruder and other of his subordinates to "slip away exactly at the right time", and that "old Mac" did not "fall back on Longstreet", but marched out of the Yorktown trenches at the same time with him, and that, owing to illness, he took his part in the Battle of Williamsburg, which was fought, it is true, by Longstreet, but under the immediate eye of Johnston.

But the author's liking for Magruder is as nothing compared with his admiration for the braggart Pope, McClellan's successor, whom he pronounces "a most able soldier", who, "with a scratch force" (which, by the way, was about double that of the Confederates), was "the only man who could stand against Lee and Jackson on even terms in manœuvring or battle", and whose "good manœuvring drove Lee to the desperate expedient of Jackson's flank march, which might almost be described as the gambler's throw of strategy, and was only saved from total failure by the merest accident". It would be well-nigh impossible to pack more ignorant criticism into the same space. So far from Pope's displaying any ability as a commander, he placed his army at the outset in a most dangerous position, which he never had sense enough to see until his eyes were opened by initial disaster and by the remonstrances of his abler subordinates. The ablest military critic on the Northern side, the late John Codman Ropes, condemns his first dispositions as "radically bad", and says of his retreat after "Second Manassas" "it stamped the whole campaign as a failure. It was a confession of his inability to meet his antagonist, and it lost him the remaining confidence of his soldiers". The only thing, indeed, which saved Pope from annihilation was a "merest accident", of which Mr. Formby has evidently never heard. Lee had surely crushed him had not his own confidential letter to Stuart detailing his plans been handed over by Stuart to his Adjutant-General, Major Fitzhugh. Fitzhugh, who was sent by Stuart the same night to find and hurry forward "Fitz" Lee, rode in the darkness into a Federal scouting party near Raccoon Ford, was captured, the confidential letter (which he had in his pocket) was discovered and sent at once to Pope, who promptly recognised his peril, and in haste, almost akin to panic, withdrew his whole army behind the Rappahannock. As to the "gambler's throw" of dividing his forces in presence of the enemy, Lee, who knew his man just as he knew Hooker at Chancellorsville, when he risked the same "desperate expedient", once drily observed to Colonel William Allan

\* "The American Civil War: a Concise History of its Causes, Progress, and Results." By John Formby. London: Murray. 1910. 18s. net.

touching just such criticism as Mr. Formby's about the "Pope campaign", "Such criticism is obvious, but the disparity of force between the contending armies rendered the risk unavoidable". Mr. Formby's "most able soldier stood against Lee and Jackson" just one little month, and was then superseded.

But most extraordinary of all is what may be fairly considered the main contention of the book—that the Battle of Stone's River (known to the Confederates as "Murfreesborough") was "the military turning point of the war"—in other words, the decisive battle of the momentous conflict, and this the author insists on again and again. Where he got this grotesque idea from—for he must have read it in some book—we cannot imagine. We suspect the inveterate pages of the inveterate Sheridan's "Personal Memories", though even that boastful (yet able) rough-rider (who claimed victory everywhere) speaks of it as "a negative victory". Ropes, the able historian already mentioned, says "the Confederates had a right to claim a victory, for they had taken 28 guns and about 3700 prisoners. The truth is the Confederates were not numerous enough to complete their victory. This ended the bloody and indecisive battle of Murfreesborough or Stone's River". (See also Col. Theo. Dodge, U.S.A.)

Notwithstanding his plethora of maps (bound up in a separate volume), Mr. Formby's ignorance of his terrain often leads him into most amusing blunders—she tells us, for instance, that "Johnston had kept up his bluff at Centreville . . . when seeing that being liable to be turned by sea, his position did not defend Richmond, he retired behind the Rappahannock". How his position at Centreville could be "turned by sea" (over a hundred miles away) is one of those mysteries that the ordinary mind cannot fathom; again, in speaking of the evacuation of Petersburg, he says "On April 2nd the VIth, IXth and IIInd Corps carried the Confederate works in their front, the occupants being driven back on Amelia C. H." Amelia C. H. is nearly forty miles away from the points attacked, the "occupants" did not leave Petersburg until the night of the 2nd, and did not reach Amelia C. H. until noon of the 5th, retiring in excellent order.

Mr. Formby tells us that, "in choosing his Corps commanders after Chancellorsville Lee was not guided by seniority, for he passed over the two senior officers, Generals D. H. Hill and McLaws, for the sole reason that they were not Virginians", and declares in another place that Lee's "provincialism" was "a weak point in the administration of his army". A more preposterous criticism was never made, and I fancy that if Mr. Formby will turn to the official "War Records" (vol. 25, pt. 2) and read Lee's letter to Davis suggesting the new Corps commanders (and especially A. P. Hill as one of them), he will be rather ashamed of his ignoble comment. D. H. Hill was not even an officer in Lee's army at the time, and though an able soldier and as stout a fighter as his brother-in-law, "Stonewall" Jackson, was of repellent manners, and much disliked by both officers and men, whereas A. P. Hill, with his magnetic bearing in battle and gracious camaraderie, was the idol of his "Light Division", and pronounced by Lee "upon the whole the best officer of his grade in the army". As for dear old "Daddy McLaws", stoutest of stout fighters and kindest of men, it never entered any man's head in that army that he should be promoted to Corps commander. I served under all three, was well treated by each of them, and, in a measure, can "speak by the card".

The author speaks, it is true, in terms of highest praise of Lee, but he has some "hard sayings" about him, which are the harder to pass over because they are a mere re-echo of malevolent Northern criticism that has long ago sunk into shamefaced silence. "Though a large slave owner, Lee detested slavery", he tells us, "and said openly that 'Secession is nothing but Revolution'. He was offered the command of the United States Army, declined it, and resigned his commission. Had he or Sidney Johnston, who also refused it, accepted, there might have been either no war at all or a much smaller one. Here

seems to have been the weak point in a very great character, that Lee did not, like Thomas, Farragut, and other great Southerners, realise that the maintenance of the Union was the interest of all, and that it was his duty to take an active part and help to secure it", etc. We may observe in passing that Lee was not "a large slave owner", nor a slave owner at all, having manumitted his few slaves long prior to the war—also that Sidney Johnston was never "offered the command of the United States Army". We care little for such blunders as these, with which the book is studded, but when he compares Lee's conduct, to his detriment, with that of Thomas and of Farragut, one's gorge rises. Lee deemed Secession impolitic and (at the time) unnecessary, but he would not draw his sword against his State and people, and put aside with dignity the chief command offered him by the Federal Government. Thomas and Farragut were both rampant Secessionists, and repeatedly declared to their comrades in the old Services their intention to "follow their States". Yet when the crucial test came, and they were offered promotion, they fell to the tempting bait. There's the whole story, and all the hysterical denials "after the event" cannot shake it. "Seems to have been the weak point in a very great character", quotha. Seems to whom? Not to twenty millions of people in the South, in whose hearts he is enshrined even beyond Washington, not to millions in the North to-day, not to men the world over who reverence self-abnegation, courage, constancy, and an unshaken resolution to follow to the end "the path of duty", little recking whether it be, as it was in sober truth, in his case, "the way to glory".

In the broad light of that heroic time his figure shines out the dominant one, for, in storm and sunshine alike, "he was the master of his fate, the captain of his soul".

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE VOTE OF THE BISHOPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

88 Bishop's Mansions, Fulham S.W.  
16 August.

SIR.—It is impossible to exaggerate the value of Lord Robert Cecil's article in your last number. It should be distributed broadcast throughout the country. I should like to draw yet more special attention to the vote of the Bishops. If the conduct of the Unionist Peers who voted for the Government is incomprehensible, still more so is that of the Bishops, for they practically voted not only for the abolition of the House of Lords but for Disestablishment. They may say that their immediate object was to prevent the House being overrun at once by a horde of Radical peers. But will two years' delay prevent Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment being carried? Even if the country is roused—and after the apathy at the last election that requires much faith—the people will have no opportunity of recording their votes. The people's voice, it is craftily arranged, is not to be heard. But whatever may be said for abstention, nothing can be said in favour of actual approval of the Government's policy, described by one of its own members as "odious". It has been painful to those who honour and revere the Bishops, who know their good intentions, to hear the remarks of laymen who do not know them and care little for them, to hear what men of the world have said of them. But it is still more painful to know how sad they have made many of their best lay friends. The Bishops of Hereford and Birmingham—who have of late been singularly joined by the Bishop of Chester—are active Liberals, and they naturally voted for the Government alike on the vote of confidence and on Thursday night. The Archbishop of York, always considered a Liberal, though desirous to be fair, made a capital speech against the Parliament Bill, and gaily voted for it. The Primate, it was understood, had desired to abstain,

and presumably had persuaded the Bishops who were away to do so, either by actual advice or the more negative process of letting them know what he meant to do; but on the second night he changed his mind and apparently induced all the Bishops in the House to do so except "My Lords" of Bangor and Worcester. His expressed reason was the levity of certain opponents of the Bill, the real reason probably was that he saw the Bill was going to be thrown out. The Government was practically saved by the Bishops of the Church to which their more violent supporters are so bitterly opposed, and Churchmen have been the laughing-stock of their fellows in clubs, offices, drawing-rooms, and the cricket field ever since.

Sad, however, as last week's capitulation was, sad and sorrowful as the outlook is, it now behoves Unionists to present a united front to those who would destroy peer and prelate alike and would, when the moment is ripe, attack the monarchy itself. It will involve much sacrifice of money, time, and recreation, and incessant work, to educate our masters so as to show them that what they need is not licence but liberty, not drastic change but an adaptation of old institutions to new conditions. In short, what we require is to recognise that God by whom Kings reign, the Sovereign and the People all need to co-operate for the common weal of the great Empire in the ruling of which all have their appointed place. The time for argument and talk is gone. The time for action, united, strong, earnest and determined, is now if the country is to remain the home of the brave and the free.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ERNEST J. A. FITZROY.

#### WANTED A WRITTEN CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

West Cliff Lodge, West Bournemouth.

10 August 1911.

SIR,—I have never yet heard anyone explain how Mr. Asquith's peers—had they been created—would have differed in any respect from a Parliamentary candidate who has been returned by bribery and unseated on petition. Surely they would one and all have been debarred from legislating on the score of bribery and corruption. They would have paid money to the Government coffers for their seats. Can any of your readers explain the difference? It has been the boast of this country that England has no written Constitution—as have other countries. But it is obvious that the sooner we have one now the better. For under a written Constitution the disgraceful threat to pack one of the Houses with party puppets—and thereby help the party funds—would henceforth be rendered impossible.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

[We agree; the sooner the supremacy of Parliament comes to an end the better.—ED. S. R.]

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT VENICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 August 1911.

SIR,—After three months' absence from my Venetian home I return to find the Queen of the Adriatic somewhat depressed, although, to be sure, true to her irrepressible nature, two nights ago she burst forth into a mood of uncontrollable gaiety, and gave the few strangers within her gates a water fête of indescribable splendour.

The fact is that Venice has been abominably exploited and calumniated by her rival summer resorts beyond the Alps, in Switzerland and Austria, determined to withdraw from her the wealthiest of her habitués. They

have succeeded, and poor Venice is distinctly doleful. They have said that "The cholera is so terrible in Venice the canals are full of the bodies of the dead". A Swiss paper, in the interests of the Swiss hotels, added, "In Venice the deaths by cholera may be counted by hundreds," whilst some of the hotels very considerably put collecting boxes about "for the benefit of the cholera-stricken in Venice". "It is unsafe to go near Venice", chimed in the principal organ of a noted Austrian watering-place, and so forth. When the accident occurred to the submarine pipe that brings the purest water in Europe to the town, and that limpid stream became brackish, the joy of the transalpine Press knew no bounds. It was even reported to have been due "to a sudden and terrible frost that had covered the lagoons from end to end with a thick coating of ice (!), which had burst the pipe". Venice suffered silently but sorrowfully; the coveted strangers believed the lies, and stayed away; and the countless hotels and pensions, the blowers of glass, the beaters of brass, and the carvers of ugly chairs and tables ("stile arte moderna") saw ruin staring them in the face. But Venice still possesses something of the courage of her mighty ancestors. She faced the calamity with dignity and began to set her house in order.

It is true that in May last there was an undoubted case of Asiatic cholera in Venice; a sailor from the Levant died of it in a humble home on the Giudecca; and very soon after there were several cases of cholera reported, of which a half-dozen proved fatal. With praiseworthy energy the municipality set to work to stop the spread of the epidemic. No pains were spared to effect this purpose, and money was lavishly and judiciously spent. The canals were cleaned as far as possible, the streets were thoroughly swept, a house-to-house visitation was made, stringent sanitary orders and regulations were posted up and enforced: so that now Venice may be truthfully described as one of the cleanest cities in Europe, and the healthiest. There has been no recurrence of the cholera, and the testimony of three of the leading medical men and of the authorities at the English Hospital shows that the death-rate is so exceedingly low as to be far under that of any other European city. There is very little or no illness; not even amongst the lowest and consequently most ignorant classes. The people have cheerfully obeyed orders, and have even sacrificed to the common good their beloved feast of the Redentore, which, for the first time in centuries, was this year suppressed, as a measure of precaution; it attracts tens of thousands of peasants, including gipsies, who might have brought infection from without.

In short, Venice is absolutely free from any kind of epidemic, and has a quite clean bill of health. It is, of course, hot—very hot—but believe me, it is more easily endurable than was the heat in London when I left. The thermometer has never exceeded 85 in the shade. Here nobody expects you to do anything at noon, and as there is always plenty of fresh sea air it is easy enough to keep cool indoors. The nights are ideally beautiful for gondola rides—the moon is nearly at the full, and the sea breezes exquisite. Rain is sadly needed; my garden, usually a small Eden of flowers, is now a small desert of dry leaves and withered blooms. It simply will not rain, and the Madonna and the saints remain deaf to the voice of their supplicants. It will rain by-and-by—at the proper time, not before. The fruit is consequently poor; but the grape crop promises well. In September and October, I can assure you, Venice will be herself again, and ideally lovely!

She was marvellous the other night, when we all lived back for a few hours in the Serenissima Venice of the days of the Doges. Who can describe the scene on the Grand Canal? The wondrous effects of brilliant light and deepest shade, the sparkle of thousands of twinkling lights, or the subdued glow of ten thousand Chinese lanterns, multiplied tenfold by the reflections in the waters of the Grand Canal. So dense was the throng of illuminated barges and gondolas that it took an hour to get through the crowd of them agglomerated



between the Cà Foscari and the Rialto. They were of all sorts and sizes. Here was one bedecked to resemble the historic Bucentaur of old; under a canopy of roses, intermingled with little lamps of many-coloured glass, sat their serenities the Doge and Dogress, on gilded thrones and wearing their robes of state. Close by came a boat with a dirigible balloon floating above her. Here was another, with a group of women drawing water from a well on board, a significant allusion to the recent water famine. A group of fine young fellows, all in white, represented the National Rowing Club. They had gilded oars, and their barge blazed with various coloured electric lamps. On a thousand barges, at the very least, under bowers of grape vines and oleander boughs, were as many gay supper parties. Many of the supper tables were sumptuously set out with lace and fine linen, and silver plate and ancient Venetian candelabra. The gondolas vied with the barges in the joyous character of their decorations.

The mass of moving fire (for such it was) passed between the stately rows of palaces, many of which were effectively illuminated, although, owing to their owners being in the country, others were closed, thereby adding greatly to the weird effects of contrasting light and gloom. The huge bulk of the Pesaro Palace was picked out in crimson; the Borghese in yellow. The exquisite Cà d'Oro was shown up in all its loveliness by searchlights of varied colours. The enormous façade of the Foscari Palace was beautifully illuminated, the lovely Gothic windows were open, and the numerous apartments within lighted up as for an evening reception. Lady Layard, ever eager to add to the enjoyment of the people of the city in which she has lived honoured for so many years, gave orders, although absent in person, that all the windows of the famous Cà Capello should be thrown open, and the rooms illuminated within, so that from the Canal one could catch an occasional glimpse of her celebrated collection of pictures. The Papadopoli Palace and the Grassi Palace (now Stucky) were illuminated within and without, whereby Tiepolo's ceilings and Longhi's frescoes could be plainly seen from the passing gondolas. As the Salute was neared and the long series of hotels came in sight, the vivid light became almost too brilliant, and the climax of good-natured joviality was reached. At times the shouting and singing, the playing on guitars and mandolines, and all sorts of musical instruments, was deafening; and yet it never exceeded the bounds of good behaviour. The courtesy of the enormous crowd that thronged every window and balcony, and the steps of the palaces and churches, was admirable; and as most of the men were in white, and the women too, the grouping of the spectators was worthy of the brush of a Guardi or a Canaletto. Venice was her magnificent self for a few hours—but very few. Looking out of my window on the Grand Canal at two in the morning the gorgeous vision of the past had faded already. The harvest moon rode steadily over a deserted canal; a cicada chirped in my garden, the pink of the bloom on the giant oleanders turned white in the moonlight; a solitary gondola, black and mysterious, with a red light at the prow, glided noiselessly by, and turned up a gloomy little waterway opposite. I closed the window and passed slowly through the long suite of salons that separate the great yellow room on the Grand Canal where Wagner corrected "Parsifal" from the chamber, now my wife's private sitting-room, that looks so English with its bright chintzes and its vases full of flowers, where, on 13 February 1883, the greatest composer of the nineteenth century was found dead! A lean black cat glided through the room—in at one door and out at the other. But the ghost of Richard Wagner refuses to revisit the haunts he loved so well. Perhaps one midnight I shall awake to hear my piano played by invisible fingers? Surely there ought to be ghosts in this palace, where a great crime in the seventeenth century roused the Serenissima to such fierceness that a whole wing of the palace had to be pulled down by her orders and a column of "infamy" erected in the great courtyard. Upstairs, in the state apartment,

there is a delicious portrait of the Duchesse de Berri, by Sir Thomas Lawrence—a pretty, pale lady with yellow hair, who, together with her sons, the Comte de Chambord and the Duke della Grazia, inhabited this apartment, where her royal highness's daughter-in-law, the Duchess della Grazia, now mourns her husband, who, to the sincere sorrow of all Venice, died early in the present year. He was the son of the royal heroine of the Vendée by her second husband, and to his descendants belongs the palace which the Loredan built, from designs by Tullio Lombardo, in 1500; which a Grimani purchased; and which, in the seventeenth century, passed, after the tragedy alluded to, to the Vendramin, who sold it in their turn to Madame, who would have been Queen of France but for the murder of her husband by Louvel in 1820.

RICHARD DAVEY.

#### PORTUGUESE "REPUBLICAN ENTHUSIASM".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mount S. Mary's College, Chesterfield.

21 August 1911.

SIR,—The Madrid "El Universo" of 9 August reproduces the following account from the Spanish "Noticiero de Vigo". Some fifty Portuguese Nuns, expelled from their country by the anti-Christian oligarchy now misruling Portugal, were about to start on their exile from the Rocio railway station. The Spanish Plenipotentiary Minister in Portugal—the Marquis de Villalobar, formerly of the Spanish Embassy, London—was on the platform bidding good-bye to some Portuguese friends who were leaving by the same train. A large contingent of military had been told off to escort the banished religious to the train, ostensibly in order to protect them from the mob which greeted these unoffending ladies with insults and threatening cries. The notorious Minister of State, Senhor Bernardino Machado, was himself present while the Nuns were being conveyed by the military under the command of officers. These men, breaking all discipline, maltreated their charges shamefully. Half drunken soldiers actually pinched, pushed about, and otherwise insulted these poor women, who huddled together in corners terrified, and prayed aloud, not knowing what might happen next. All the while, the gallant officers and the aforesaid member of the Government callously stood by with folded arms, heedless of the tears and cries of pain extorted from those religious women. At length the Marquis de Villalobar, unable longer to restrain his indignation at such barbarism, openly rebuked one of the officers: "You are disgracing your uniform and your sword. An honourable soldier should die rather than allow a rabble to ill-treat and outrage helpless women". The officer merely answered that he lacked authority to prevent it, and the Spanish Minister had to use his stick to defend the Nuns from savagery. Going up to the Senhor Machado, the Marquis expressed his indignation at such conduct. But "the brain of the Portuguese Republic"—as Senhor Machado is called—pleaded that such little disorders were "the necessary outcome of Republican enthusiasm", and that, as military discipline had become "a trifle relaxed, it would be dangerous to punish the offenders". "Señor Ministro", the Marquis retorted with warmth, "a Republic which starts in this fashion is dishonoured at its birth". The "Brain of the Republic" only shrugged his shoulders, and departed from the station to be regaled with the noisy applause of the "unwashed" crowds awaiting him outside.

Though for brevity's sake I have not given the account in extenso, yet my summary is devoid of all exaggeration, and is absolutely faithful to the original version given in the Spanish Press.

I am, Sir, yours obediently

F. M. DE ZULUETA S.J.

## REVIEWS.

"MIGHTY YET."

"*Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul.*" By T. Rice Holmes.  
Second Edition. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.  
1911.

THE appearance of the second edition of Dr. Rice Holmes' scholarly work will be welcomed beyond the circle of students for whom it would at first sight seem intended. For the author has wisely divided it into two parts. Of these the first supplies a lucid and vigorous narrative of the great war, while the second examines doubtful questions with closest analysis, and furnishes details revealed by modern research as regards matters which the scholar and antiquary will appreciate. Part II. is in fact a book of reference, and Part I. a page of military history that will be of the highest value to the general reader, whether he be soldier or civilian. Unfortunately, the story of one of the most important events in the history of the world has become associated in many minds with the sorrows of lower school. What drudgery, what weariness, what tears has not "*De Bello Gallico*" provoked? In that it vies with "*De Senectute*"—*ut magna parvis*. Yet the best literature soldiers can read ought to and would, if rightly taught, interest boys immensely instead of sickening them. It is time Cæsar's narrative were read right through with the zest it will certainly inspire in educated men, and it is to show how well worth attention it is that Dr. Holmes has entered on his task. The appearance of his book reminds us, too, that Napoleon desired that his son should read and read again this and the other histories of the great captains, and that what he recommended to his son may be of value to others. But it may very likely be asked why, at a time when there is so much to learn even in an active profession such as the Army, and the great national struggles of the last half-century lie unexplored before him, a young man is to be expected to study campaigns waged with swords and javelins two thousand years ago. To reply that the principles of strategy are æternal is to enunciate a platitude, and does not explain why they cannot be studied more effectually in connexion with modern tactics than with those that are long dead and buried. In truth the principles of strategy ancient or modern can be comprised in a comparatively small space, and can be learnt by heart in a short time. War, however, is not an exact science; it is not, in fact, a science at all, though the term has wrongly been ascribed to it of late. There is, however, an art of war, and, like the masters of any other art, the great captains have never allowed themselves to be fettered by hard-and-fast rules, axioms or precedents. Cæsar's Commentaries should be read first of all because they offer us a pattern of literary style, but we are not going to dwell on this side of their excellence. They are in the next place of surpassing interest, because of the actual facts and details which they place before us—the plain record of marches, combats, sieges, and the difficulties and means of overcoming them connected therewith. But that which renders them most valuable of all is the revelation of character which they offer us, and the lessons in a moral sense which they supply. Let any man read the tale, and rising from it reflect on what made Cæsar's greatness, on what was founded his success. Let him compare the experiences the Roman general describes with those which are recorded in other military histories, and he will quickly perceive that the qualities which made Cæsar the terror of the Gauls were precisely those that made Bonaparte dictator of Europe and Clive the best-hated man in Asia. All the knowledge of war which Cæsar possessed, all the due observance of strategic principles which he cultivated, would not more than once have saved him from destruction had he not possessed force of character, energy, resourcefulness, and quick decision which carried him through when combinations had failed and the skill of his opponent had proved as great as his. Let us consider for a

moment the task which lay before him in Gaul. To penetrate and traverse a great region inhospitable and rugged and overgrown. To meet and destroy forces greater numerically than his own, with levies composed of men but little better armed than, and of physique inferior to, their opponents. Behind him a political situation which demanded from him success unflinching and rapid if his fortunes were not to be overwhelmed. Enemies in front and faction behind! Wellington and many another British soldier has had to grapple with the same difficulties! But Cæsar had greater odds to face than Clive or Wellington in India, or Lord Chelmsford in Zululand. The Legions had little but discipline in their favour when they met the Gauls and Germans. Clive and Wellington in India fought an inferior race with what were then modern weapons. In Zululand and Egypt breechloading rifles and artillery were pitted against weapons in no way superior to those wielded by the tribes that Cæsar conquered. A modern expedition starts out with all the odds as regards armament in its favour, yet a sense of relief has often accompanied its close. To pit a force armed with little but the white weapon against opponents similarly equipped, and in vastly superior numbers, would now seem an enterprise extremely foolhardy and rash. But that, and nothing less, is what Cæsar undertook in Gaul, for the catapults and ballistæ of his so-called artillery can hardly be considered the equivalent of machine guns and breech-loaders. He drew up his men to face savages of superior physique under conditions not far removed from those that might prevail in the circus: on what asset, then, sufficiently valuable to make him reasonably sure of victory could he reckon? Chiefly on his own personality and the discipline of his Legions! But when a battle has to be won by sword cuts and the push of pike, however well units may be trained, numbers and brute strength must ultimately tell, and no great margin for safety could apparently be allowed when chances were reckoned up. Napoleon has advised generals never to risk a battle unless the odds were overwhelmingly in their favour. It is often difficult to see how, judged by that standard, a Roman general could have engaged his Legions. In reality Cæsar left very little to chance. The preparation of the theatre of war is a precept of modern strategists, of which young officers talk with the profound admiration that heralds a new discovery. They are but imitating Cæsar, and another new-old adage about politics and strategy being in harmony can be illustrated most effectively from the Gallic War. For Cæsar from the moment he made his compact with Pompey in B.C. 56 shows himself a consummate statesman. Severe to cruelty when circumstances demand it, he massacres the Usipetes and the Teneteri like a Cromwell, and braves Cato at home, to win ultimate respect and confidence; and when his difficulties are examined the brilliance of his achievement is enhanced. To reach his army at all when the rebellion of Vercingetorix broke out was a triumph of personal courage and enterprise. When he hurried from Italy the Legions were at Agedincum on the plateau of Langres, and near Treves, two hundred miles away to the north. If he sent for them they would have to fight a great battle without him, as they marched southwards, and he was unwilling to trust the issue to a subordinate. On the other hand, was it not foolhardiness to try to reach them with only a small escort for his protection? Moreover, he must safeguard the Province. But he managed to accomplish all his objects. Brushing aside the snow, he strode over mountains supposed to be impassable, and Vercingetorix was soon compelled to bend to his initiative, and before his whereabouts was known he held his whole army concentrated round him near Agedincum. It is a tale of daring and calculation that quickens the pulses and the wits still as it has ever since Cæsar's day, and will continue to do so while literature remains. A man who so acted, who was equally ready and brave and determined, would be a great leader whether bows or rifles formed the equipment of his army. We may learn from Cæsar how to be a man, and to lead men, and that is worth all the certificates and

examinations of the day. To some the ease and brevity of the narrative which describes his successes may cause the difficulties of the task to be forgotten, and may make it appear simpler and easier than it really was. Let such study Cæsar in defeat, and discover his greatness where greatness is often most unmistakably shown—in adversity. When he was beaten back before the walls of Gergovia, the Ædui had deserted him and supplies were running short—the real crisis of the war had come. Was he to ensure the safety of the Province, and leave Labienus to perish? Far otherwise was his resolution. Night and day he marched to the support of his lieutenant. Rapidity and resource again saved him, while stratagem and courage pulled Labienus through also. The Roman armies once more joined hands, and though they had now to face the tribes united under Vercingetorix, they did so held firmly in the strong grasp of Cæsar. The end we know. One of Nature's great leaders, perhaps the equal of Hannibal, was sent a prisoner to Rome, and after eight years' fighting the subjugation of Gaul was accomplished, and one of the greatest of wars finally won. And it was won—and here is the lesson for us—and for those who will follow us—by men who trusted to the powers of their minds, and who cultivated and displayed the great manly virtues which were in the traditions of their race, and have been remembered for centuries as Roman. In their difficulties they had to look for escape to stratagem, to rapidity of movement, to the quick intelligence which might turn the chance of a moment to account. And the best weapon in their armoury was discipline, and discipline, too, of the best kind which is yielded as a tribute to the soldier-like personality of the leader. Discipline is still the soul of an armed force, it is still the one essential element in efficiency for which no aptitude and no knowledge can compensate; and it is just because it shows us what discipline can accomplish that the story of Cæsar's war in Gaul is ever fresh and young. Dr. Rice Holmes has done a real service to everyone who values his country's greatness in placing that story before us in a form which will appeal to every reader, be his profession what it may. A blemish or two may be pointed out only for correction in a third edition. On p. 150 a glaciis is referred to as though it were an escarpment, whereas, of course, the term implies a gentle slope. And surely (p. x) the unconquerable British soldiers at Albuera held, and did not "fight their way up", the fatal hill.

#### TWO MOTHERS OF THE GREAT.

"The Mother of Goethe, Frau Aja." By Margaret Reeks. London: Lane. 1911. 10s. 6d.

MUCH has been written about the mothers of great men and much more might be written with advantage. It is significant that the two men who occupied the attention of the world more than any others at the close of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth centuries—Goethe and Napoleon—owed everything to their mothers, and, indeed, are reproductions of their mothers' genius so far as circumstances allowed. Both were born when their mothers were children. Katharina Elisabeth Textor was married at seventeen, Letitia Ramolino at a still earlier age, and the brightness and vivacity of youth lasted in both of them; in one till her death, in the other certainly till the death of her son, a parting which Goethe's mother was spared. She was always known as Frau Aja, a name of which many who use it do not know the origin. It was invented by the young Counts Stolberg when they came to visit Goethe at Frankfort, and were entertained royally with the wonderful pastries and cakes made by his mother's hands, and the rich wine from his father's cellar, part of the old stock of the Gasthof zum Weidenhof, which had been kept by his grandfather. The original Frau Aja was the sister of Charles the Great and the wife of Aymon, thus being mother of the Four Sons of Aymon, who occupy so large a space in mediæval legend. One of these sons had slain his cousin and had to lie in hiding to escape his

uncle's vengeance. Aymon was seized as a hostage, and was told that all his four sons would be killed if they dared to return to their father's house. After many years they ventured to come back disguised as pilgrims, and Frau Aja, their mother, fed them up royally with her best cakes and wine and sent them on their way rejoicing. The Stolbergs were the pilgrims, Frau Goethe the Frau Aja, and the name endured and will endure.

In the influence exercised over Goethe by his mother two things stand prominently forth: his power of literary production and his abiding cheerfulness. The child-mother delighted in telling stories in her own inimitable language drawn partly from the large reservoir of German Märchen, partly from her own imagination, and the boy imitated her practice and soon acquired her gift. Hence came that marvellous style which made the glory of Goethe and arrested the attention of the world as soon as it was heard. The music of "Werther's Leiden", in its simple charm, was a revelation. There had been nothing like it since Plato, and the melody continued till the death of the musician. Open Goethe where you will, letters, diaries, philosophical treatises, they are all instinct with the same exquisite charm and make those who admire him feel that Goethe will, indeed, never have an end. The opening words of Werther, "Wie froh bin ich, dass ich weg bin", eight monosyllables, recall the opening words of Plato's "Republic", which, it is said, he wrote down in ten different ways until he found the cadence which best suited his ear. If Frau Aja's "Lust zu fabuliren"—love of story-telling—gave Goethe to the world of literature, her "Frohnatur"—her cheerful spirit—made him the foremost moral teacher of his age. What is the rule of life which he learnt from his mother, which he practised diligently himself and inculcated in all his writings? Trouble not about the past, never worry, enjoy the present, hate no one, and leave the future to God.

The devotion of the two world heroes whom I have mentioned to their mothers could not be surpassed, but fate treated them differently. Letitia never left her son, she was with him in prosperity and adversity, in poverty and wealth, at the Tuileries and at Elba, and would have tended him at S. Helena if she had been allowed. Frau Aja never visited Weimar, although often urged to do so by the Grand Duchess Amalia, and by Goethe after his father's death. But to hear about her son and to read his poems was her greatest delight till death closed her eyes. She felt, perhaps, that the free life of a Frankfort citizen would wither in the stiffness even of the Weimar Court. Miss Reeks has done her work well. She has found many descriptions of the Frankfort home in "Hermann and Dorothea" and in other places where they would not be looked for, and she has re-created for us a personality which all may study with advantage. The volume is admirably printed and got up and enriched with interesting portraits.

#### SOUTH OF THE BOYNE.

"Irish Land and Irish Liberty: a Study of the New Lords of the Soil." By Michael J. F. McCarthy. London: Scott. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

M R. MCCARTHY begins his book with a half-truth, which is something to the good in books about Irish land questions. He is probably right in saying there is no class in the British Isles about whom such general ignorance prevails as "about the new Catholic lords of the soil"; but do they "dominate Irish public opinion" as represented in Parliament by the Nationalist Party? Most Irish Nationalist members are either professional or commercial men. The farmers—the chief beneficiaries of political agitation in the past—do not at present subscribe largely to party funds, and they have little voice in the selection of representatives. The Nationalist Party could not oppose them on any big question about which the farmers took strong views, but does not consult them when it can avoid the necessity. The Irish farmers are beginning to think that



they do not like the Budget of 1910, for which their members voted, and to wonder why the Nationalist Party, as a whole, has been so cold towards agricultural co-operation.

However, Mr. McCarthy's point is that by the operation of land purchase the Imperial taxpayer has become intimately concerned with the stability and good faith of the Irish farmer, a person about whom the average taxpayer knows very little. And this is true. Whether the average taxpayer will know very much more if he reads this book is doubtful. The book is made up of a great number of statements which are, generally speaking, accurate. And yet the whole cumulative effect will be to confirm the typical Englishman's conventional idea of the typical Irishman, which is grotesquely wrong, based largely on the demeanour at Westminster of politicians who are playing a concealed rôle. It is impossible to explain countrymen to town-dwellers, Roman Catholics to Protestants, Celts to Teutons. Would any book about Cornwall really enable a Lancashire man who had never been there to understand the Duchy?

Our author is, of course, in sharp reaction against the ways of the Roman Church in Ireland, and his bias against the clergy vitiates very much of his book. His tone on religious matters shows flagrant want of good taste. Apart from this, he suffers from a peculiar obsession—very common in Ireland, and provocative of some of the most foolish and spiteful ebullitions of extreme Nationalists—that conditions in England are perfect. English Radicals would be amazed if they read some of the eulogies that were pronounced on the English landed classes by their Nationalist friends when it was desired to damn the Irish landlords by comparison. Mr. McCarthy, on the opposite tack, idealises the English lower middle classes in order to show up the failings of the Irish farmers. Of course, the average English reader imbibes this kind of thing with a complacent purr, while the average Irish reader fumes violently—and in his heart believes it all. The Irish peasants often create a false impression on visitors because they care very little for appearances or for "respectability" in the bourgeois sense. We hear much of Irish laziness, and many Irish people are extremely lazy. It is, however, the experience of a gentleman-farmer who had estates in both countries that, on the whole, the Irish labourers were better workers, because, while much less steady and methodical, they were always ready to put on a spurt at such times as harvest. The Englishman could be counted on for a daily output throughout the year, which he would not increase at a moment of pressure. Anthony Trollope, who knew both countries well, said that an Irish servant would never call him in time for an eight o'clock breakfast, but could be absolutely trusted to have him up at five whenever he wanted to start a day's sport early. There is a fundamental difference of temperament, and there's an end on't. But fitful energy is perhaps the quality that most irritates the Englishman.

This book is clearly intended to make English readers thank God that they are not as these Irish, and the author's occasional caution that many Irish failings are the defects of sound qualities is not sufficiently emphasised to arouse any misgivings among the complacent. Some of the most unsatisfactory features in Irish life are really due to the fact that the Irish peasant cares very little about what he eats. Slovenliness, thriftlessness, drink follow naturally. But Irish soldiers will be cheerful when English soldiers sulk at their campaign rations. The Irish are as quarrelsome as the English believe, but there is far more kindly good nature pervading daily life than Mr. McCarthy allows. And he is rather misleading about political passions. No Irishman really permanently hates another for sticking to principles, though he may be quite ready at times to kill him. There is much to be said for that way of looking at things, which certainly adds to the interest of life. The unpardonable sin is to be considered a renegade. A Conservative

landlord may be abominably treated in the course of what the Nationalist tenant regards as a state of war, but the individual, if he is just and fearless, will be respected. The unpopular Conservative landlord will not better his position by turning Nationalist: he will probably be despised. Devolutionists are more vindictively abused by Mr. Dillon than are Unionists.

The most interesting part of this book is the discussion of what the Irish peasant proprietors stand to lose or to gain by Home Rule. As regards education, Mr. McCarthy apparently fails to appreciate the probable struggle over the new National University of Ireland. It might become the Roman Catholic University of the British Islands, which would suit the clergy, or, on the other hand, the centre of ardent Irish Nationalism, which would please the politicians. One flaw in the book as a survey of present tendencies is that it absolutely ignores the attempts which the Gaelic League has made (not without much partisan and theatrical demonstration) to do away with the dulness and the rigid caste-system of rustic life. A more serious omission is the neglect to take any account of those movements for industrial revival and agricultural co-operation which are attempting to cut across the divisions of class, religion, and politics, and which have awakened quite new ideas about the possibilities of their own country in many Irishmen. Mr. McCarthy surveys gloomily, though at times keenly, the apparently stagnant surface of life in Celtic Ireland (he does not profess to cover Ulster), but the future will turn upon the extent to which dynamic forces, about which he seems to know nothing, can succeed in moving the inert mass.

#### NOVELS.

**"Married when Suited." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney**  
London: Stanley Paul. 1911. 6s.

It is not often in a book of short stories that one finds work so differing in quality as in "Married when Suited", whatever that title may be intended to imply. The quality differs with the character, for the inoffensive stories are commonplace, but about the unpleasant ones there is, more than occasionally, a sense of power. The sense is to be felt both in the way the tale is conceived and is fashioned: the subject, strongly felt, seems to create the style, and though the style has often a somewhat irritating self-consciousness, there is the virtue of a redeeming individuality in it which enables one to forgive the needless twist in expression, for the sake of the sensitiveness in the point of view. The first story, "The Wedding", and, perhaps, the best, deserves a graver description than unpleasant, since it has in it the real tragic stuff, but "The Table" has nothing to dignify or to justify its mode; and "The Ghost" carries scarcely enough of interest to make worth while its violent ending; even the irony of a superfluous crime fails of its effect by reason of the reader's aloofness. But in these, and in the strained "A Vow to the Invisible" the work appeals by its distinctive quality, and its promise of something more than it performs. That appeal is quite lacking in such conventional stuff as "Settled in Life", which reads as though it had been ordered by a magazine specially proud of its suitability to every member of the family. But in the book is more good work than bad, and one closes it with a hope that the author may learn how to interest her very obvious capacity with themes somewhat less grim in character.

**"Young Life." By J. L. Herbertson.** London: Heinemann. 1911. 6s.

A girl of twenty comes from her school to live with John and Mary Leverson, a childless couple, who honour one another, but have ceased to love. The girl's youth brings a disturbing element into their lives of discontented calmness, and hence arise all the necessary ideas for Miss Herbertson's tale. The book contains at least one admirable character sketch, and it would seem

that the author has lavished all her care upon drawing the wife, for the girl is an insignificant creature who serves as little but a foil to the older woman's strong personality. Mary Levenson is alternately spoken of as a Madonna and a Juno, but her nature is only understood by a discerning few, and, with the aid of a socially impossible musician, she comes near to surprising her little world. The woman who, on the verge of life's afternoon, is willing to sacrifice the pride which has been her whole existence for one crowded hour of living, is an interesting study, and one which redeems the whole book from the charge of insincerity. Neither the girl, nor her guardian and future husband, nor John Levenson, seem to be real people, and their only excuse is that they help to reveal the real heroine in her true colours. The book contains few incidents of dramatic interest; a man taking a woman to sea in a boat and throwing away the oars is merely an absurd scene borrowed from transpontine melodrama.

**"The One Way Trail." By Ridgwell Cullum. London: Chapman and Hall. 1911. 6s.**

This romance, set in a cattle-ranching village out West, will no doubt appeal to those who are not as yet too familiar with its type in books and on the stage. Will and Jim were cousins, and both were in love with Eve. Jim won the shooting competition with guns—Anglicé revolvers—which was to decide who should speak first, but Will stole a march on him and was accepted. Then, of course, the ingenuous Jim, arriving too late, merely said "I hope you'll be very happy, little girl", or words to that effect, and lapsed into the rôle of faithful watchdog. Those who are familiar with this kind of story hardly need to be told that Will rapidly progressed through a course of drink and gambling to the stealing of cattle and the murder of one of his pursuers; or that Jim was suspected of the cattle-lifting, and finally of having himself killed Will, whom, with the usual silliness of the heroes of sentimental melodrama, he had been trying to screen. But it is all quite ingeniously worked out; and we are sure that the scene where Jim, with a halter round his neck, still nobly refusing to give anybody away, is saved at the very last moment would have thrilled us to the marrow—but for (let us say) two or three little fifth-act episodes of the same sort that unfortunately came first by a good many years.

**"The Achievements of John Carruthers." By Sir Edmund C. Cox. London: Constable. 1911. 6s.**

Each of these twelve entertaining tales deals with a further detective exploit of the wily superintendent of Indian Police, about whom Sir Edmund Cox has already written. The first nine are told by Carruthers' assistant William Trench, whose relation to his chief occasionally reminds one so much of that of a certain Watson to another sleuth-hound of fiction as to throw some little doubt on Mr. Trench's intelligence. But although the author ingenuously makes him start off with "I was never much of a hand at writing", he is quite efficient as a story-teller. The last three chapters are supposed to be contributed by native police officers, and in two of them the writers themselves successively figure as the villain of the piece. It may perhaps be doubted whether such marvels of duplicity as the chief constable Ghulam Rasul and the head clerk Parashram would write themselves down with the engaging frankness that here distinguishes their respective narratives, even after conviction and punishment: but the method employed has the advantage of illustrating the Asiatic criminal from the inside, so to speak. Not all the natives in the book, however, are criminals: some of them are only naughty like the fascinating little maid Gangabai who stole the goddess who wouldn't answer her prayers.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"Lives of the Friar Saints Series (3. Bonaventure—S. Thomas Aquinas)." By Father L. Costelloe and Father P. Conway. London: Longmans. 1911. 1s. 6d. each.**

Yet another edition of Lives of the Saints! Its excuse, however—if excuse be needed—is that this time it is a series

of the lives of "Friar Saints" which are being offered us—and of Friar Saints little, alas! if anything, is known throughout the greater portion of saintless Great Britain. This particular series, we see by the prefatory notice to the first two numbers as yet published, has "received the warm approval of the authorities of both Orders (Franciscan and Dominican) in England, Ireland, and America" (why not Scotland too?); so we presume their need is felt and they will supply somebody's want. The idea with which the Lives are being issued is in strict accordance with the historic union and concord which should exist between the followers of S. Francis and S. Dominic, for two by two the Lives are written and published simultaneously of Franciscan and Dominican saints, and the editors thereof are also Franciscans and Dominicans. Altogether a very monastic tone prevails about it all. Of the first two little books which we have seen and read, the "Life of S. Bonaventure" and the "Life of S. Thomas Aquinas", we have no hesitation in saying that the one of "the Seraphic Doctor" is far more adapted for general reading than that of the "Angelic Doctor". Against the first there are no objections specially to raise, with the exception of that ecclesiastically unctuous way of speaking of "Our saint". In the second, there is, to our mind, a painful crudity of expression, particularly when dealing with the canonisation, &c., of S. Thomas, and a rude throwing of miracles at the reader's head which, to put it mildly, startles if it does not convince. Apart from these drawbacks, a good deal of matter is crammed into a small space. Who in England, who in London knows that one of the figures in the Prince Albert Memorial is that of Albert the Friar, the learned teacher of the yet more learned Thomas Aquinas? Who also could as a rule realise that even in the mediæval centuries there were Kentsits to be found, who could and would order out troops to pursue, and if possible prevent, a son with a vocation becoming a monk! We read and learn indeed. We hardly need remark that these very nicely got-up little books are, as they profess to be, intended for persons who have never read complete or original works on the subjects treated. Also they are obviously intended for "the Catholic public generally" and (perhaps) the Tertiaries of the orders—they are not, we imagine, written for "pukka Protestants"—as the Anglo-Indian would say. Anyhow, if so designed, we venture to think that a little more revising on the part of editors would be generally profitable, and most especially for such statements as are to be met with on pages 18, 70, 89, and 95 of the S. Thomas Aquinas booklet. The books, for their neat binding and for their most excellent photographs (many of which seem to us reproduced for the first time from originals), cannot be over-praised, and we wish the editors that success which (according to their preface) will ensure the appearance of "a second set of six".

**"Whistler." By Frank Rutter. London: Grant Richards 1911. 2s. net.**

The association of the name of Whistler and that vigorous apologist for the most modern art, the art critic of the "Sunday Times", must surely result in an agreeable harmony. Yet for all his sympathetic appreciation of Whistler and the movement he initiated, his summing-up is judicially impartial. "The Butterfly will live more by the word and mouth of others than by his own works . . . because neither one nor all of them are great enough wholly to contain him." Of these others Mr. Rutter is the latest, but by no means the least; though the comparison between Whistler and Mr. Sargeant with which the book opens is one which would be equally distasteful to each of the two great painters concerned.

**"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Août.**

This is a good number. Mr. Houssaye concludes his study of Napoleon's campaign against Prussia, and gives full and accurate accounts of the battles of Jena and Auerstaedt. M. Gabriel Faure contributes some charming sketches of the country north of Venice from Cortina di Ampezzo downwards. He notes that the fact of the natives speaking Italian must by no means be taken to imply that they have Italian political sympathies. In 1866, when Venetia was handed over to Italy, the Val d'Ampezzo remained attached to Austria. "Their Italian descent has not lived in their hearts as in other frontier countries where Austria has so much difficulty in smothering Irredentist sentiments. One day I asked my guide if he loved the Italy whose language he spoke. His only reply was to make the gesture of aiming a rifle. These are allies who practise a strange entente cordiale!" M. de Wyzewa has a delightful sketch of Giorgio Varari, the quatercentenary of whose birth was celebrated on 30 July.

**For this Week's Books see page 278.**

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EDITED BY  
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